

The



# TATTLER

& BYSTANDER

MAY 8, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MRS DAVID  
CURLING

## TAKING TEA WITH THE WORLD

# The World's first tea drinkers

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Tea has always been closely interwoven with the lives of the people of China, its original home. Many old Chinese customs are disappearing, but the tea traditions still linger in many parts, particularly among the older generations.

For guests and on important occasions, tea is prepared in individual cups, handleless and covered. When only the family is present, it is usually made in pots. Both green tea and red tea (or black, as we call it) are used. A blend of green tea very popular in North China includes jasmine for fragrance—and rose petals are often blended with red tea.

Turning to your host, you manipulate the cup cover gently and elegantly—and sip slowly. In the days of the mandarins it used to be considered rude to drink it as we do. If your host invited you to take more tea, or emptied his cup, or raised it above his mouth, he was politely telling you the party was over!



(With grateful acknowledgement of the help given by Dr. Y. S. Chen and Prof. Chen Yuan of the Sino-British Cultural Association)

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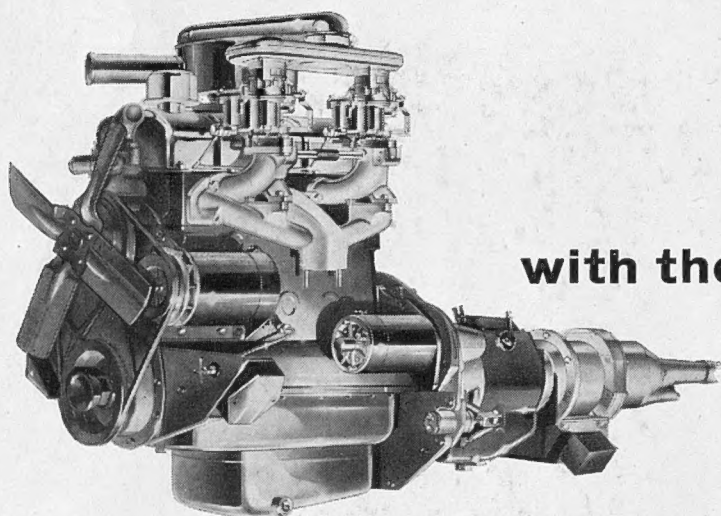
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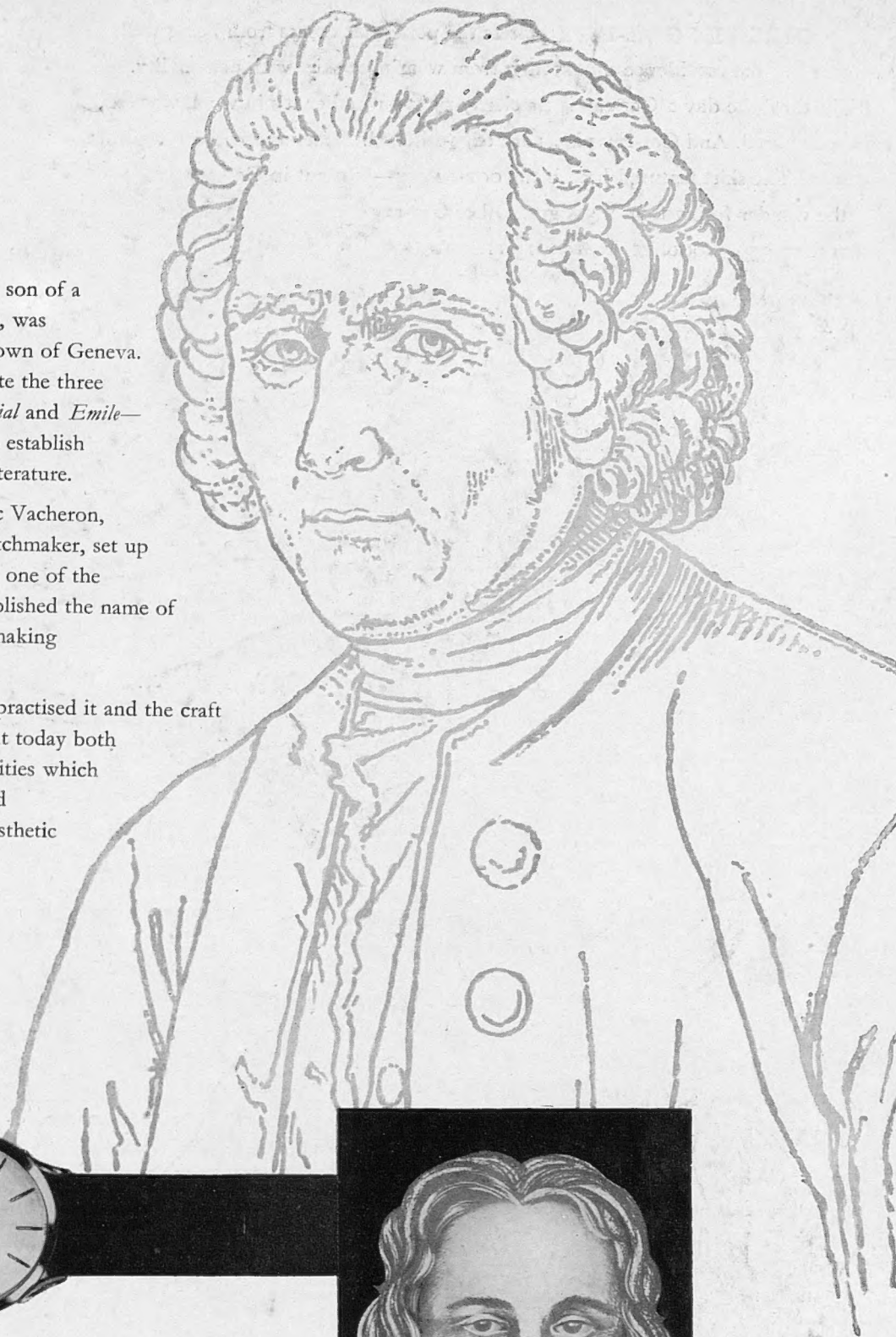
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IN 1755 JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, son of a watchmaker, and a master of French prose, was re-admitted as a free citizen of his native town of Geneva. In the years immediately following he wrote the three works—*La Nouvelle Heloise*, *Le Contrat Social* and *Emile*—which, with his famous *Confessions* were to establish him as one of the great names in French literature.

It was in 1755 too, that Jean-Marc Vacheron, another native of Geneva and a master watchmaker, set up the workshop which has grown today into one of the world's foremost watch factories, and established the name of Vacheron as synonymous with fine watchmaking in every continent.

The craft of writing as Rousseau practised it and the craft of watchmaking as Vacheron still practise it today both partake in the highest degree of those qualities which elevate a craft into an art: creative skill and technique, flair, mastery of the medium, aesthetic originality and that uniqueness which time confirms.



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MRS. DAVID CURLING is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright of Mackerye End, Hertfordshire; her elder sister is Mrs. John Horlick. Mrs. Curling qualified as a doctor at Barts' and is now a lecturer in pathology at another of the leading London hospitals. She and her husband, who served in the Royal Navy during the war, are ocean racing enthusiasts. As well as her interest in sailing, Mrs. Curling is a keen horsewoman. Cover photograph taken by Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bt.

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 8 to May 15

**May 8 (Wed.)** Cocktail parties: Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard for Miss Sarah Legard in London; Mrs. Alister Maynard for Miss Venetia and Miss Sandra Maynard, at 20 Hyde Park Gardens Mews.

Flat racing at Chester (Chester Cup).

**May 9 (Thur.)** Princess Margaret will attend the Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.

Royal Windsor Horse Show (three days), Home Park, Windsor.

Cocktail parties: Mrs. Trubshawe and Mrs. John Lade for Miss Victoria Trubshawe and Miss Moya Lade, in London; Countess L. Cienska and Mrs. A. G. Calthorpe for Miss Ann Jurkiewicz at Claridge's.

Flat racing at Chester and steeplechasing at Stratford-upon-Avon.

**May 10 (Fri.)** The Duchess of Kent will attend a regimental reception of The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at the Savoy.

Dances: Mrs. Ollick Moore and Mrs. Richard March (small dance) for Miss Ursula Moore and Miss Clare March, at the Ladies' Carlton Club; "C" Battery, H.A.C., at Armoury House.

Flat racing at Kempton Park.

**May 11 (Sat.)** Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley.

Dance: Mrs. John Pryor and Miss Milne Home for Miss Philippa Pryor at Weston Park, Hitchin, Herts.

Flat racing at Kempton Park (Jubilee Handicap), Worcester, Hamilton Park, and Beverly; steeplechasing at Towcester and Market Rasen.

**May 12 (Sun.)** Green Room Rag at the Adelphi Theatre.

**May 13 (Mon.)** Croquet: Peel Memorials (to 18th), at Roehampton.

First night of Italian Opera at the Stoll Theatre.

Dances: Lady Compton and Mrs. Ronald Leach for Miss Clare and Miss Jane Compton, and Miss Margaret Sherston-Baker at the Dolphin Square Restaurant; the Hon. Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Robert Ropner for Miss Christabel Carlisle and Miss Mary Hays, at Hurlingham Club.

Flat racing at Wolverhampton; steeplechasing at Southwell and Wye.

**May 14 (Tue.)** Princess Alexandra will attend the England Ball, in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, at Grosvenor House.

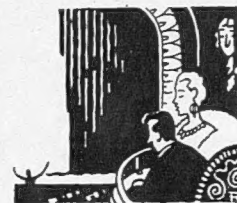
Dance: The Hon. Mrs. James P. Philipps for Miss Daphne Philipps, in London.

Flat racing at Wolverhampton.

**May 15 (Wed.)** Dances: The Hon. Mrs. I. J. Pitman and Mrs. Gerald Walker for Miss Margaret Pitman and Mr. David Pitman, and Miss

Margaret Ann Walker and Mr. David Walker at the Hyde Park Hotel; British Asthma Association Spring Ball at the Dorchester.

Flat racing at Newmarket, Bath and Ripon.



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Betty Swache

## To share a dance in the autumn

MISS LUCINDA HANBURY is the daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Richard Hanbury, who live at Hay Lodge, Braughing, Ware, Hertfordshire. She has recently spent six months at a finishing school in Paris, likes cooking and enjoys

outdoor sports such as ski-ing, tennis and swimming. Miss Hanbury is coming out this year and will be sharing a dance in London on October 1 with two other debutantes, Miss Susan Proctor and Miss Carolyn Smith



*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
May 8,  
1957  
308*

*Cdr. J. B. Burnell, C.B.E., Mrs. Lobb and Mr. Howard V. Lobb, C.B.E., Commodore of the club*

## A THAMES REGATTA

THE TAMESIS CLUB, founded in 1853, held its very well-attended Easter Regatta at the club's headquarters at Teddington



*Bill Bale, Miss Jane Vines, Miss Alanda Bentley and John Greensmith were among the young enthusiasts*

*Mr. and Mrs. Philip Mugford in their eighteen-footer boat*

*Mr. and Mrs. Murray Vines and niece Elizabeth Vines*



*Miss Wendy Sharman, owner of a "Yachting World" Cadet, with Miss Catherine Gilbert*



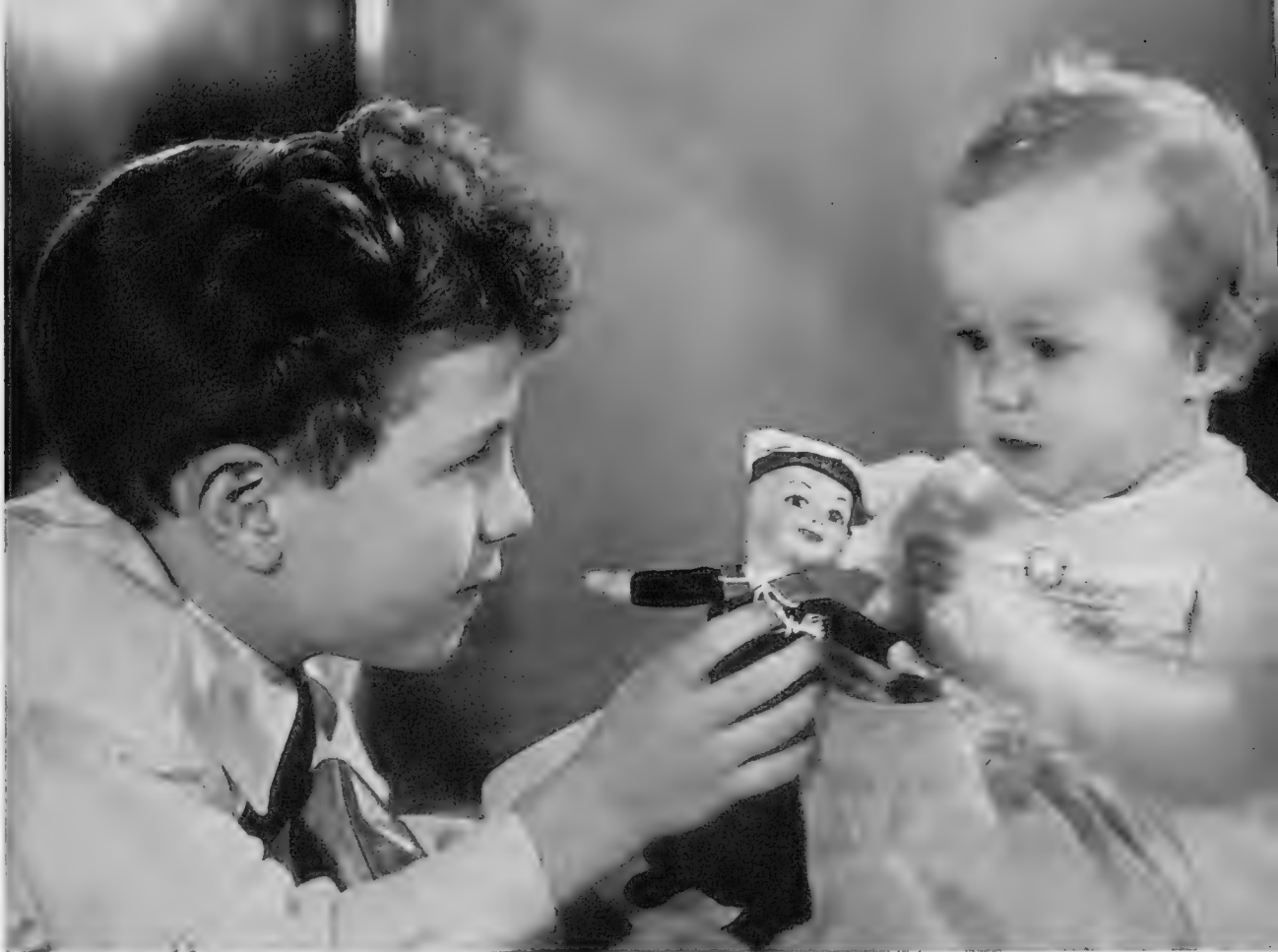
*Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. F. N. Trinder, Mr. G. Ledward, R.A.*



*Mrs. Burnell with Dr. and Mrs. Norman Langdon-Down*

## PRESENT FOR A LADY

ANTHONY WILSON beguiles his stepsister, Amanda, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, at their home in Aldford House, Park Lane. Mr. Wilson, formerly of the Irish Guards, married Miss Vivian Cain, daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Cain, in 1954



Barry Swabe

*ocial Journal*

*Jennifer*

# GREATEST OF THE HORSE TRIALS

THE Three Day Event at Badminton has also become one of the most informal Royal Family parties. This year the Queen and Prince Philip once again stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton House, one of the finest of Great Britain's stately homes. Also guests of the Duke and Duchess were the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke's nephew and heir presumptive Mr. David Somerset and his wife Lady Caroline Somerset, Mr. Christopher and the Swedish Olympic Gold Medallist Major Henri St. and his wife. On the second day going round the cross country course I also saw the Duke of Gloucester and his son Prince Richard. They had joined the Royal party, who watched some of the trials from a farm wagon with a good view over Vicarage Ditch, the Irish Bank, water jump and Crossing "A." At times they set off in a convoy of Land-Rovers to watch competitors at some of the other formidable obstacles, and I am afraid everywhere they went other spectators, gaping in the most undignified way, massed round the Royal party, which must have spoilt some of their enjoyment.

THE Queen, like Prince Philip a keen photographer, was often busy with her cine camera. Both she and her sister wore head scarves and warm top coats over their tweed coats as protection against the biting wind, while the Queen Mother wore a plain felt hat with a brim and top coat to match in a deep slate blue. On the cross country day there was I am sure a bigger crowd than ever, in spite of a biting north-east wind. Much credit should go to the organizers of this event who run it so well, and this year especially to the people who gave their time to stand in the bitter wind and judge at one of the obstacles. Among the latter were Major Charles Tremayne, Major Washie Hibbert at the Coffin, and Brig. Keith Dunn at the Irish Bank with Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham whose husband allotted jump judges. Lt.-Col. Hugh Brassey, chief steward of the cross country course, was riding about seeing that all was well, and others on the executive side of the great event I saw as I walked round part of the course included Lt.-Col. Gordon Cox-Cox, the chairman and Hon. Director, who with his wife gave a cocktail party at their home Hyam the previous evening for competitors and other friends down here for the event. Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley whose wife did a clear round in one

of the jumping competitions on the first day was there, also Col. Ferris St. George, Lt.-Col. J. Wooldridge the local secretary, Brig. Bowden-Smith the chief steward, Lt.-Col. Gerald Grosvenor who was helping with the dressage, Mr. Henry Wynmalen, one of the judges for this phase, Col. Alec Scott and Col. Alistair Macintyre, who was the catering officer for the event. His wife and very pretty daughter Mathilda were there too.

Among riders I watched Miss Jane Berry, the attractive second daughter of the Hon. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry, jump the Coffin perfectly on her own horse Woolpack, Major D. P. H. Dyson on Henry Farman who refused at the water jump, Miss Penelope Molteno who cleared the Water well on Bandoola who was eventually second at the end of the final day, and Mr. J. P. E. Welch on Four Farthings, who refused at Crossing "A," the jump after the water. Then I went to the Irish Bank where I saw Mr. E. E. Marsh jump it well on Wild Venture who got a maximum bonus over both the steeplechase and cross country course, and was placed second at the end of that day but only third on the final afternoon. Then came Mr. Harry Freeman Jackson in great form on Cellarstown who was pulling hard, Mr. David Somerset going well on Countryman who later fell at I think the Coffin, but was remounted and went on, Mr. Ian Dudgeon on Charleville, Miss Kathleen Tatham Water going a great gallop on Mrs. Bulkeley's Pampas Cat, and then Miss Diana Mason on her very game little mare Tramella, who it was sad to see refused at Vicarage Ditch, possibly owing to the very hard going. Miss Mason sensibly resigned herself to the blow, no doubt hoping for better luck another day.

UNFORTUNATELY, I had to leave before Miss Sheila Willcox the ultimate winner on her good horse High And Mighty did their very good course to retain the first place which they had reached the previous day after the dressage tests and retained throughout.

Among the spectators I saw the Earl and Countess of Normanton, who had motored over from Somerley in Hampshire, talking to Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, Mr. Alec March the jockey club starter seeing his first Three Day Event with Mrs. Phillips, Col. Joe Dudgeon just back from South Africa, where he judged at the Johannesburg Horse Show, Col. "Chatty" Hilton-Greene escorting Mrs. Violet

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Sarah Bowater and  
Mr. Robin Napier



Miss Suna Portman and  
Mr. C. Macarthur Hardy

## A PARK LANE PARTY

THE HON. LADY LOWSON gave a cocktail party for her niece Miss Julia Runge, a debutante this year, in the Orchid Suite of the Dorchester. Above: Waiting to receive their two hundred guests are Lady Lowson and her niece Julia



Mr. Michael Pakenham and his  
fiancee the Hon. Susan Lever

Kingscote who was dispensing very welcome hot coffee and other drinks at her car, Col. and Mrs. "Geoff" Phipps Hornby and Mrs. Breitmeyer who were with Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, Col. and Mrs. Stephen Eve, Major and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote—the latter was riding in one of the show jumping events—Miss Anne Abel Smith and Miss Petronella Elliott watching competitors at the Coffin, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edward Studd, Mrs. Hugh Brassey and her children, Mrs. Stephen Player, and Capt. Brian Bell. The latter, who is master of the Berkeley Hunt, rode up with his hunt servants, a gay picture in their yellow hunt coats, to join the Duke of Beaufort's hunt servants and those from the neighbouring V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) and other packs, who were all most helpful in keeping the course clear.

Others at the event included Earl Bathurst, his brother the Hon. George Bathurst and their mother Lady Apsley, the Countess of Lonsborough who came with Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Allsopp, Lady Joan Gore-Langton, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Major and Mrs. Gar Barker and their very attractive débutante daughter Jane, Lord and Lady Swansea, Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Guinness, Col. "Mike" Ansell, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland and her parents, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Roland Findlay, Major-Gen. Sir Richard and Lady McCreery, Col. and Mrs. Raoul Robin, and Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkinson.

★ ★ ★

ON their way to Badminton at the end of their official tour of Worcestershire the Queen and Prince Philip stopped at the Forest of Dean where they went to the Speech House. Here they were greeted by the Duke of Beaufort as H.M.'s Lieutenant for Gloucestershire, Viscount Bledisloe, the Senior Verderer, and his fellow Verderers. These gentlemen were originally elected from among wise and discreet squires in the district, to exercise special jurisdiction over "vert and venison" and impose stern penalties for offences against the laws of the Royal Forests.

No one was more delighted at this brief but charming visit of the Queen and Prince Philip than Viscount Bledisloe, who, although nearly ninety years old is remarkably active and takes the keenest interest in the country's affairs. He has been Senior Verderer of the Forest for I believe, nearly fifty years.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY went to one of the most enjoyable cocktail parties I have been to for a very long time. Once again, here was a host and hostess who really looked after their guests, who had gathered together charming and intelligent friends, and radiated happiness themselves: they were the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong and his petite and very attractive Italian-born wife, who is always so vivacious and gay. Her mother, Mme. Paul Ruegger, looking so well and handsome, was over from her home in Florence for a few days, meeting many old friends she had made during the years she spent in London, including the years, when her husband M. Paul Ruegger was the much respected and beloved Swiss Minister here. She told me he is still working as hard as ever. When he left here he was appointed head of the International Red Cross which has meant much travelling and many conferences in all parts of the world.

Among friends I met here were the Italian Ambassador Count Zoppi, talking to Princess Galitzine who owns such lovely family treasures of furniture and pictures. The blonde and pretty Mme. Manuel de Margerie whose husband is at the French Embassy, was having a long talk to the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Cheke whose husband is now vice-marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, was also at the party, and is soon off to Rome to take up his appointment as our Minister to the Vatican. Mme. de Margerie's father-in-law is the French Minister to the Vatican, so the Cheke's will soon be seeing more of this charming family.

The Minister-Counsellor at the Italian Embassy and Donna Pasquale Prunas were talking to Mme. Ruegger. The Marquis de Folin, the First Secretary at the French Embassy, was there with his very attractive wife, and I also met Commandant Cuissart de Grelle, the popular Air Attaché at the Belgian Embassy, and his attractive wife, the Hon. and Mrs. Graham Lampson, Mr. and Mrs. Byron, Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond and Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

★ ★ ★

GLORIOUS white lilac, lilies, azaleas, roses, freesias and tulips with a few flame coloured lilies and azaleas decorated St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, for the marriage of Mr. Timothy Nicolson, youngest son of Sir Kenneth and Lady Nicolson, and Miss Valda Rogerson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson. The bride, who was given away by her father, is a very attractive girl and looked quite lovely in a really beautiful wedding dress which had been designed and made by Ronald Paterson. It was of heavy white satin with a high neckline and fitting bodice; the full skirt also formed a train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara and she carried a bouquet of Eucharis lilies, and other mixed white flowers.

Three tiny bridesmaids and three small pages followed her up the aisle, the little girls wearing long full-skirted white tulle dresses with

narrow white satin sashes and wreaths of red polyanthus roses in their hair, and carrying posies to match. The little boys wore white silk shirts and white sealskin sporrans. These small attendants were Emma Nicolson, Diana Thomson Jones, Joanna Brudenell-Bruce, Matthew Rogerson, Christopher Thomson Jones and Andrew Brudenell-Bruce.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, the latter charming in a silk suit of hyacinth blue with a pink hat, held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents. I should think nearly a thousand friends, young and old, came to wish this very charming and popular young couple many years of happiness. Among them were the Marquess of Abergavenny and his eldest daughter Lady Anne Nevill, his sister the Countess of Cottenham very good looking in black and white with a large black velvet hat, accompanied by the Earl of Cottenham and their eldest daughter Lady Marye White. The bride's cousins, Mrs. Thomson Jones and Mrs. Paddy Brudenell-Bruce and their husbands, were at the wedding and saw their children in the bridal retinue. Her uncles, Cdr. Hugh Rogerson and Mr. Michael Rogerson were there, also her aunts, Mrs. Pat Milligan looking very attractive in a navy blue dress and a large sapphire blue hat with her husband and their son and daughter Richard and Jennifer, and Mrs. Sandy Smith and her husband. Mr. Jim Joel a cousin escorted the bride's mother up to her place in the church.

ALSO met Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, whose elder son Denis was best man and younger son Nicholas a very busy usher, Lady Cornwallis who came for a short time on her own as Lord Cornwallis was fulfilling an official duty in Kent, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mrs. John Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Zamora, Mr. Peter Greenwell looking very bronzed after his trip to the Far East with Mrs. Greenwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. A. Greenwell and their débutante daughter Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gesslie, Sir Giles and Lady Loder, Mrs. Victor Jones, the Hon. Mrs. Dorothy Macalpine, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Blundell, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cannon, and Mr. and Mrs. Ruairaidh Hilleary, the former still on crutches as the result of breaking his leg badly while skiing this spring.

Sir Brian Mountain in an excellent short speech proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which the bridegroom replied also very briefly. The young couple left for their honeymoon with the best wishes of their many friends. When they return they will make their home in London, as the bridegroom works in the City.

★ ★ ★

THE Hon. Lady Lowson, who is one of our loveliest and most charming hostesses, gave a very good cocktail party for her niece, Miss Julia Runge, an attractive and delightful girl who is making her début this year. This party took place in the Orchid Room of the Manchester where vases of exquisite spring blossom, azaleas, lilies, tulips and other spring flowers were superbly arranged. Sir Denis Lowson was there to help his wife, also their two very charming daughters, Gay, who came out last year, and Melanie who makes her début next year.

Several of last year's débutantes were at the party as well as this year's. Among them were the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, as usual surrounded by young men, the Hon. Susan Lever, who, looking very pretty, came with her fiancé Mr. Michael Pakenham—they are to be married in Chester Cathedral next month, also the Hon. Susan

[Continued overleaf]



## THE RED HAT BALL

THE Red Hat Ball held in aid of the Christ Church (Oxford) United Clubs, was held at Grosvenor House. Above: Listening to the cabaret by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann



Miss Sandra Maynard, Mr. John Stefanidis,  
Miss Brita Stael Von Holstein



Van Hallan  
Miss Katharine Sachs, Mr. Robin  
Leigh-Pemberton, Mrs. Peter Grant



Mrs. Farrer and Mr. William  
Farrer at the tombola



Mr. Alastair Gunning with  
Miss Merle Ropner



Miss Jill Davis dancing with  
Mr. Miles Pellew

Remnant, Miss Gay Tregonning, Miss Sally Hall, Miss Wendy Raphael and Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch. Among this year's débutantes I met Miss Virginia Makins, who came with her parents Sir Roger and Lady Makins, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, Miss Sarah Bowater who is among the most attractive of this year's débutantes, Miss Patricia Huth who is very keen on travelling and was just off abroad for two or three weeks, Miss Daphne Philipps, Lady Frances Curzon, Miss Susan Shafto and Miss Jennifer Harrop, another attractive girl whose mother, Mrs. Tom Barty King, recently gave a very enjoyable cocktail party for her.

A large number of young men and a few parents were at the party, among the latter (other than those I have already mentioned) being Lord and Lady Remnant, Lady Bowater, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barty King, Lord Brocket, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth and Countess Howe.

★ ★ ★

UNFORTUNATELY I had to leave this very good party quite soon, as I was going on to the first night of *Tea And Sympathy* at the Comedy.

This was a most wonderful evening in the theatre and one I enjoyed more than any other for a very long time, for the play was brilliant and superbly produced and acted. It so gripped the audience that they remained breathlessly attentive through each act. In the stalls I saw Baroness Ravensdale, Lady Millicent Taylour answering inquiries about her wonderful mother Rose Marchioness of Headfort, who has been unwell again, Mr. Hardy Amies, Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, Mrs. Starling, Lady Baxter and Miss Anna Massey.

★ ★ ★

It is not often that Church House, Westminster, is used for a wedding reception. This delightful setting was chosen by Sir William and Lady Makins after the marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of their younger daughter Penelope and the Hon. Peter Harvey, elder son of Lord and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, at which the Bishop of Winchester officiated assisted by Canon M. S. Stancliffe.

The bride wore a dress of white nylon taffeta and a headdress of orange blossom held her tulle veil in place. She was attended by four pages, Charles and Robert Harvey, nephews of the bridegroom, and Simon and Edward Leatham, who wore white trousers and shirts with blue velvet jackets. There were also six bridesmaids, Miss Mollie and Miss Cynthia Makins, the twin daughters of Sir Roger and Lady Makins, Miss Clover Pryor, Miss Gay Gilchrist, Miss Jennifer Richmond-Brown and Miss Anne Seathes. They wore dresses of cornflower poul with headdresses of flame-coloured roses and lilies of the valley, and carried bouquets of the same flowers.



A. V. Swaeb

MAJOR DAVID LOCHHEAD married Miss Cecilia Gaggero at Westminster Cathedral. Above, they are seen with attendants, Patricia Fergusson, Charles Gibb, Diana Fergusson and David Cheyne. The best man was Major Philip Mitford (holding Charles Gibb)



Col. and Mrs. John Pye, in whose home, Oakhill Manor, the ball was held, with Mrs. T. W. Garnett (right), hon. secretary of the committee

The bridegroom's parents Lord and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh received the guests with Sir William and Lady Makins, and Sir Roger Makins proposed the health of the young couple in an amusing but brief little speech. Lady Makins was there with their youngest daughter Jennifer, also Sir Roger's father and mother, Brig.-Gen. Sir Ernest and Lady Makins, and the bridegroom's clever sculptor brother, the Hon. John Harvey, and his Italian-born wife. Two members of the family much missed at the wedding were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Leatham, and her great-grandmother, Mrs. Stonor, who were not able to make the journey.

Many friends from the Brigade of Guards and the Diplomatic Corps were there, and others included Lady Ironside, Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, Sir Humfrey and Lady Gale, Lord and Lady Freyberg and M. Mochs, permanent delegate of France to the Disarmament Commission, and his wife. The bride and bridegroom left the reception very promptly as they were flying straight off to Paris on their way to the South of France for their honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

THE good looking Cuban Ambassador and his really beautiful wife Senora Gonzalez de Mendoza are two of the most charming and beloved members of the Diplomatic Corps in London. Both highly intelligent, they also have that great asset of kindness and understanding which endears them to so many friends. I recently went to a delightful cocktail party they gave at the Cuban Embassy in honour of Mr. Massimo Freccia, the famous conductor and his very attractive wife. Mr. Freccia will be conducting in London and other parts of the country during May and June, and then goes on to the Continent to visit several great cities including Vienna.

Among the many friends I met here were one of our greatest conductors, Sir Malcolm Sargent, who was in his usual scintillating form, also the Dominican Ambassador and his very charming wife Senora de Thomen, the Austrian Ambassador Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, the Earl of Bessborough talking to Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, who was off a few days later to spend two weeks in the Bahamas, and Lord William Taylour talking to Major Basil Fordham and Rafaella Duchess of Leinster. Lord and Lady Monckton told me they had just returned from Paris, where Lord Monckton spoke at a St. George's Day dinner, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks said his wife was away with their younger daughter who was recuperating from appendicitis.

Others enjoying this very good party and the many delicious delicacies handed round were Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, Mr. and Mrs. Henry



*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
MAY 8,  
1957  
313*

## SOMERSET HUNT BALL IN A TUDOR MANOR

WHEN the Mendip Farmers held their Hunt Ball in Oakhill Manor, Somerset, the 300 guests danced in a marquee in the garden. Guests included (above) Mr. John Keen, Mrs. A. K. G. Norman, Mrs. Keen and Mr. Norman

Mr. Anthony Gishford, Sir "Chips" Channon, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, the Countess of Argyll, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown talking to Sir Harry Brittain, Mrs. Marie Louise Arnold wearing a large orchid which had just been flown back from Venezuela, the Duchess of Argyll lovely in grey, who told me that she and her band are spending a lot of April and May at Inveraray, their home in Scotland, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood.

★ ★ ★

MRS. WARREN PEARL, that great supporter for many years of numerous charities, recently gave a sherry party in her spacious Wyndes Square flat on behalf of the Children and Families World Community Chest. This organization helps anyone truly in need, especially at this time the Anglo-Egyptians and the Hungarian refugees. In the absence of Lord Killearn who was delayed in the House of Lords, Mrs. May Eden the moving spirit of this organization spoke, also Mr. Martin, chairman of the Anglo-Egyptian Society, and Mr. T. de Maffey-Mautuano who came here as a refugee from Hungary with his wife and family some years ago. Any gifts or donations for the Children and Families World Community Chest can be sent to their headquarters at 39 Cadogan Place, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

LADY GILLIAN ANDERSON is this year organizing the Set Reels which will start off the Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House on May 20. They will possibly be bigger than last year. This ball is always one of the best organized and most picturesque of the season, as those ladies who can do so wear their clan tartan sashes, and the gentlemen either in uniform, Highland dress, Court dress or hunt coats or have coloured facings stitched on their evening dress coats.

Tickets for this ball, which are likely to get sold out, from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Bt., Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.

★ ★ ★

THE British-Italian Society Ball, which is to take place at the Savoy Hotel on May 21, promises to be one of the most chic and social events of the season, and will have the support of many of the big colony of Italians here. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft is chairman of the committee organizing the ball, and among those helping her are Countess Manassei, Mrs. George Budd, Contessa di Thiene, Contessa di Valmarana and Lady Dawe, who is the very efficient secretary of the Society. The Earl of Harewood is President of the Society and Lord Leconfield the chairman. Tickets for the Ball from Lady Dawe, 36 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.



*Mr. James Hood and Miss Joanna Baker seated on the beautiful marble stairs*

*Mr. R. Harrison-Topham with  
Miss Sara Branston*

*Miss P. M. Coles and Major  
H. J. S. Douglas*



*Van Hallan  
Sir John Wills with Mrs.  
Christopher Thomas*



*Major and Mrs. B. O. Allen,  
joint-Masters of the Mendip*



*C. GORDON GLOVER who, as he proudly proclaims, is president of his own village cricket club, speaks with authority on an aspect of The Game which the press rarely touches*

Illustrations by F. W. Capon

## THE GENTLE ART OF VILLAGE CRICKET

**M**y neighbour Charley Dawes inhabits an ancient wooden-wheeled caravan on the perimeter of the cricket ground over whose club I have the troubled honour to preside. Charley's residence marks what is known as the "Caravan End." The other is the "Council House End." It is to be regretted, for the sake of village cricket, that the council-house-enders—most of them—spend their weekend afternoons stuck like barnacles around the telly. They tend neither to play, nor to watch, cricket.

Charley, on the other hand, watches cricket as the village plays it these days with a dedicated and scoffing disrelish. Such degenerate refinements as the springtime hiring of the Diesel roller, the application of marl, selective weed-killers all over square and outfield, and the chatter of rotor-scythes fill Charley with seething contempt. Village cricket, he says—and rightly—is not what it was.

Charley Dawes belongs to the boot-and-braces school of village cricket. His were the days when hob-nailed hamlet Kortrights were—"Farst! You should a' seen Ted Parrish. He come off the pitch quick as a 'awk. Farst? You don't know what farst is."

And the batsmen of Charley's days! "I seen Bob Monk come straight in off of the harvest field—and he didn't trouble about taking no guards and that—and clout Ernie Knott of Havering—

and he were proper farst, not what you get nowadays—three times right over that little old oak tree what grows back of that fancy pavilion of yours."

And the fieldsmen of Charley's days! They hurled themselves around the buttercups and manure like bats out of hell! And wicket-keepers like old Stan Rush never *did* stand back to fast bowling. Not he. He apparently crouched like a wing-spread vulture just aft of the batsman's shoulders, and, "you never see Stan goin' in for byes."

**D**EAR old days of rook-racked elms, blacksmiths in braces, squires with M.C.C. sashes, curates just not in their dog-collars, ploughboys with cover-drives to shame Dr. Grace; dear old days of wagonettes, firkins of ale in the green-side pub, and country houses whose estate staffs were hired less for their skill as horsekeepers, gamekeepers and gardeners than for their ability to bowl off-breaks or treat good-length bowling with well-tutored respect!

Or so they tell us. I often wonder how true it all was, that rose-tinted view of village cricket about which so much mush has been written, so many whopping lies told by old sprucers like Charley Dawes.

As a matter of fact, a recent glance through some ancient



score books of the club—and *they* don't lie—revealed to me that in a single season the mighty batsman Bob Monk, while once thirty-six not out, amassed in fourteen weeks an overall total of sixty-one runs! And Ted Parrish, the rural Richardson, took twenty-three wickets in twelve matches at an average of seventeen runs apiece. Fieldsmen, indeed, made catches according to the score book, but what *sort* of catches is, naturally, not revealed. I have a shrewd suspicion that they were not—"the most of 'em, mate"—dived at one-handed and caught, travelling fast as rifle-bullets, in a shower of horse-manure!

THE last "boots-and-braces" cricketer I ever saw under *our* trook-racked evening elms was a rather simple young fellow called Fred Jukes. And he wasn't the *real* Mackay. If the outfield, cattled and uncut as it was in those days, was wet, Fred Jukes fielded in Wellington boots. If conditions were dry he wore black plimsolls. Fred Jukes was a slashing, wind-milling batsman with an uncanny eye, and to any purist quite horrible to behold as, padless, he pranced like a Dervish in front of the stumps. He bowled, too, with one of those very suspect actions which never failed to promote oblique comment from visiting sides in the pavilion and pub.

Then Fred went off to drive a tractor for a farmer at the other end of the county, and that was the last of the old brigade. Now, apart from the odd schoolboy in grey flannel bags, the cricket team is attired in the shining samite of respectability. The ground is cut and wired against cattle, the table is rolled, cut and wired against children, and the seven-by-five changing-room in the pavilion is jammed with equipment of which any club side would be proud.

VILLAGE cricket—and I am sure that this is true overall—has become respectable; thereby, in the opinion of Charley Dawes, one completely to the dogs. "I'd like to see some of these fellers ying to play Ted Parrish on the kind o' wickets what *we* used have!"

So, of course, would I. There's a lot to be said for the circus, it, dash it, sir, is it cricket?

I suppose, in its own unique, rough-and-tumble way that it *is* cricket, governed even then by the same irrevocable laws those writ runs at Lord's; still cricket, rather red in tooth and raw, with quarter neither asked, nor given; still cricket, though eyed in hob-nails and braces.

As to whether it was any more praiseworthy for being as it is, as ridiculed in *England, Their England*, or venerated in *The Icket Match*, I wouldn't know. But I beg leave to doubt the collections of the Charley Daweses.

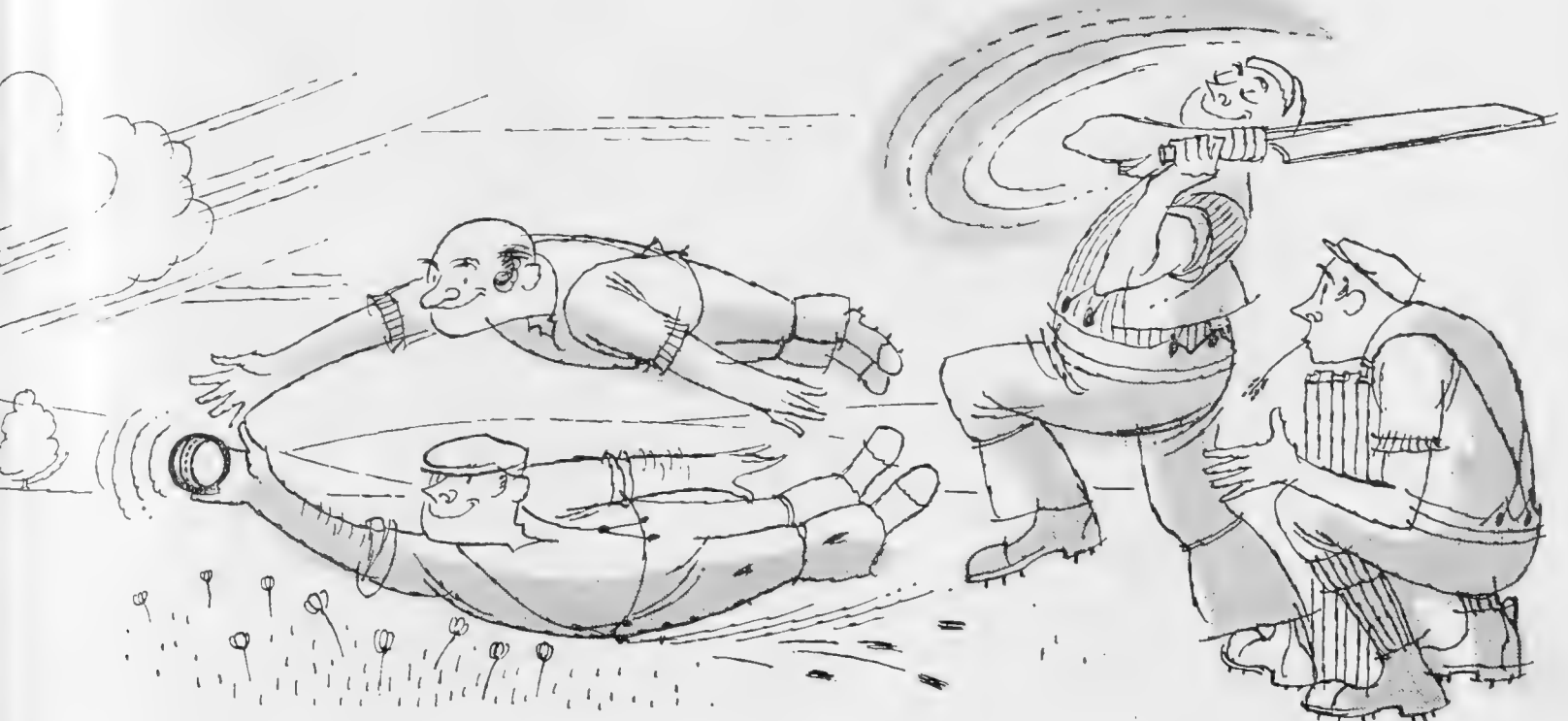
Vicars, of course, don't seem to play cricket as they used.



Blacksmiths hardly exist. Ploughboys and their like drive tractors or spray crops from helicopters. And squires have shrunk in stature, with or without M.C.C. sashes. Wagonettes? Well, we know what's happened to them, and we know what's happened to the beer as well! Is it the frailty of this, or the H.P. payments on the telly, which has made a mockery of what used to be the full-blooded taproom post-mortem?

Village Cricket! We shall never see again its like as once it was—if it ever *really* was! Something has gone out of it—its simple seaminess. Something has come into it—the will to play a more sober and expert game.

Something else has come into it, too. Gone, indeed, are those harsh and angry roars from square-leg in appeal for l.b.w., and in their place the modulated tones of the £600 a year artisan inquiring, as I heard them on a September day last year: "How was that man, Umpire?"





FINE WEATHER and steady breezes have brought yachtsmen some wonderfully good sport recently. Above, in the Hornet class race at Burnham-on-Crouch, the famous yachting centre on the coast of Essex, members of the crews of (left to right) A. Welch's Jack Sprat, R. H. Webster's Blowfly and O. J. Lee's Finale sit outboard to balance their boats on the windward leg

## Roundabout

Cyril Ray

# FLYERS ON AND OFF THE GROUND

ONLY two men in the Second World War that I know of went back to flying after losing both their legs in crashes.

I have been reading *Best Foot Forward*, the memoirs of my friend Colin Hodgkinson, one of the two, and finding it interesting to compare him with Douglas Bader, whom I also knew, but many years ago, when he was a schoolboy wonder as a stand-off half.

Bader loved flying: Hodgkinson didn't. The odd thing is that although Hodgkinson rather disliked and—he confesses—even feared flying, he was officially classed as "above average" at it.

Perhaps it was his early experience as a horseman: the same kind of "hands" is needed with aircraft as with horses—or used to be, when aircraft were the open-cockpitted tender-mouthed brutes they were when I learned, very imperfectly, to fly myself, on Avros and Bristol Fighters, very nearly thirty years ago. I was a remarkably bad pilot, though I loved being in the air, which is why I am interested in Hodgkinson's candid view of himself as a rather scared expert.

Hodgkinson's book ought to become a minor classic: it conveys not only the splendours and miseries of air warfare but contains too, some remarkably revealing snapshots of the spivvy world of Shepherd Market and thereabouts, just after the war was over. When future historians come to record what it was like to be a young man trying to earn a living in the London of 1946—especially a young man who had no experience of anything but flying or fighting—they ought not to miss the couple of sentences of Hodgkinson's:

"It all seemed so easy in the beery euphoria of a Shepherd Market pub. Chevrolet lorries; ball-bearings; surplus overcoats; oil in drums; sheet iron; rubber dinghies. The war's great carcass was expelling its useless juices, and the unparticular flies were swarming. Resourceful men in demobilization suits whispered hotly in your ear, took you for long dreary drives to ordnance parks and scrap yards, or windy, deserted docks. There was the stuff, old boy; all you had to do now was to sell it and draw your fat commission. And now it was your turn to do the whispering and the running round the suburbs."

★ ★ ★

IT is cheering to learn from the newspapers how the citizens of Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, got together to save Gainsborough Old Hall—the remarkable fifteenth-century building (with especially splendid late medieval kitchens), that stands in its handsome gardens in the middle of the town.

If it had not been for civic pride, the building might well have been pulled down, because no single person could have afforded to restore and maintain it. Now, the Ministry of Works and the Pilgrim Trust have come to the help of those who helped themselves—and the town they live in (though funds are still needed). The Old Hall is to be preserved and will become a civic centre that the town can be doubly proud of—in having it, and in having saved it.

Surely there is a lesson here for bigger and richer communities than that of a Lincolnshire market town? We read every day of some splendid building being torn down: John Betjeman's column in *The Spectator* is a sorry comment on our concern for



## PASSENGERS

Once, from the top of a bus, I yearned for Arr val,  
Staring through rich men's windows I followed  
my gleam,  
Now, instead of the rush and the crush and the  
fight for survival,  
I ride in my Rolls and dream. . . .

O duffle-coat damsels, I'm lonely. . . . You shabby  
young men,  
Bright-eyed with your visions of Getting There  
(There's where I am!)  
Age says "Stop" at the top of the queue and  
alas, it's then  
That you look back and sigh to be in the traffic-  
jam.

—Lorna Wood

our architectural heritage. Why, for instance, cannot the city councillors of Plymouth show the same decent piety towards Looe Street and the Barbican that the business men, shopkeepers, trade union officials and journalists of Gainsborough have shown towards their Old Hall?

told—and sure enough, they had. A bedroom with a bath, just like that—the bath and the bed equally in evidence: no nonsense about a curtained alcove, or a door, or anything like that.

★ ★ ★

At Southend the other day—having flown there with my car from France—I potted round the fish bars of the front and found myself wondering again, as I have so often in the past, who on earth eats whelks.

Cockles and winkles I can understand, though I think they are fiddly things: and prawns and shrimps and mussels I am extremely fond of, as I am of such bigger or more expensive pastas as lobsters and crabs and oysters.

But whelks—great hunks of muscle, lying pallid in pools of negar, like so many specimens in a lab! Now I come to think of it, I have never in my life seen anybody actually tackling one, though I suppose people must, or they would cease to be offered for sale.

Let it not be supposed that it is only English gastronomic bits that have me puzzled. The night before, at a tiny hotel on the Picardy coast, where we had eaten splendid sole in its three-star-in-Michelin restaurant, we then saw the *patronne* and a cook sit down together to their own dinner—which began with oysters, a salad, and chips. It could be argued, I suppose, that this is a perfectly balanced meal, but it upset me enough to make it undesirable to wait to see what course came next.

I must record, incidentally, that on arrival at the inn—it is little more—we asked, my wife and I, and without any real pes, whether they had a bedroom with bath. Oh indeed, yes, *monsieur*: we have a newly fitted-up room with bath, we were

OUR family is to be augmented by a cat—a small Abyssinian cat with long front legs that make him look, when he sits, like one of the lions on the gate at Mycenae; an appealing little face; and a stealthy, stalking tread that is all beast of prey.

What does one call such a cat?

As Mr. T. S. Eliot has told us:

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,  
It isn't just one of your holiday games;  
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter  
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.

And here we are, on the eve, so to speak, of parenthood, without even one name to bestow. Its formal pedigree styles it Selborne Elisma—a fine name to go to bed with, as my mother used to say—and who could talk to a family cat thus?

Being an Abyssinian, it cannot have an Italian name; being dignified in bearing, it cannot be humiliated by the twee or the whimsical, as it might be "Kitty" or "Pussy." I wanted myself to call him "Cat," but this is not, I am told, a private enough name. Passers-by might say, "That is a fine cat"—or, indeed, "That is a beastly cat,"—and it would look up, and think itself addressed. And by strangers, which would never do.

If it is really true that these cats of character come from Abyssinia, it may well be that they descend from the sacred cats of the Nile delta. In which case, it may be that Ra should be the name—and how difficult to call, without sounding like an American cheer-leader!



BRIGGS

by Graham

# A ROYAL THREE DAYS AT BADMINTON

H.M. THE QUEEN, Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were among the enthusiastic spectators at the 1957 Three Day Badminton Horse Trials held by the British Horse Society, of which Her Majesty is Patron. Badminton, seat of the Duke of Beaufort, was a magnificent setting for the trials, which were contested by the finest riders and their horses in the British Isles.



Miss P. Moreton on Lt.-Col. J. Hulme  
Dudgeon's Red Sea jumping on the final day



Mr. David Somerset, who rode Countryman,  
with Mrs. Henry Wynnmalen

Capt. E. Bonnor-Maurice and Miss Christine  
Fairfax-Ross



The Queen and the Duke of Beaufort, followed  
by Prince Philip, on the first day



*Miss Sheila Willcox on High And Mighty, winners of this year's trials, clears a log during the cross country event*



*Miss P. Molteno with her horse,  
Bandoola*



*Miss Elizabeth Tompson and Lady  
Caroline Douglas-Home*



*Mr. W. G. Henson and Miss Valerie  
Engelman*

*Mrs. D. Freeman-Jackson, Miss V. Freeman-Jackson, Mrs.  
A. C. Gairdner and Miss Diana Gairdner*

*Julian Judd, Miss Sally Judd, Miss Caroline Judd, Miss  
Shirley Van Moppes and Mr. C. Marler*



## Priscilla in Paris

# VERY DELICATE TRIBUTE

**O**RANGES and lemons . . .! A childhood game. One thinks of chiming bells and of the dancing candle flame that "lights one to bed." The "chopper to chop off one's head" is a nursery fantasy that holds no terror.

*Oranges et citrons* are the same, luscious fruit, but over here they suggest a very different game. One that was pleasing to Line Renaud, Charles Boyer and Yves Ciampi when recently they each received a great basket of oranges, but far less agreeable to the three other celebrities (two of whom shall be nameless), whose baskets contained lemons! Every springtide in Paris those gentlemen of the press who are gossip writers of the stage and screen get together and compare notes. A gorgeous offering of the sweetest oranges that can be found rewards the amiable personages who have patiently submitted to their professional pestering while the high-hatting, up-stage variety of star gets a hamper of green lemons! The acme of acidity!

This year there seems to have been an error of judgment. A gasp of amazement went up when it was heard that René Clair had been awarded one of the *citron* prizes. However, the great film-maker was so astonished and so obviously innocent of ever having intentionally snubbed even the most youthful of cub reporters, that the judgment was repealed. A barrel of oranges followed the hamper of lemons and now René Clair is collecting recipes for marmalade and is wondering whether one can bottle lemon-squash!

**T**HE famous operetta, *Phi-Phi*, by Willemetz and Christiné that has been revived for the manieth time at the Bouffes-Parisiens theatre starts its new run with its 2,150th performance. Thirty-nine years ago, on November 18, 1918, as the clamorous bells of the Armistice were ringing, it was played for the first time, and at its creation an overnight star was born: teen-aged, Roumanian-born, enchanting Alice Cocca, whose brilliant career since then is known to everyone. The other night a twenty-year-old newcomer, Rosine Bredy, turned the same trick! I trust that she will last as verdantly as Alice Cocca but hae me doots whether I shall be there to write it up!

Amongst the spectators that evening were four charming ladies who—they must have been barely out of the nursery—played small parts in the 1918 production. Blanche Montel, who later married the film director and is now a well-known impresario; Lucienne Boyer who became song-famous with *Parlez-moi d'Amour*, Simone Volterra, now owner-manageress of the Marigny theatre, and Yvonne Vallée who, for a while, was married to Maurice Chevalier and now lives with pleasant memories to keep her company in the South of France.

**Y**OUNG Françoise Sagan seems to have come pretty near writing "finis" to her happy memories—I trust that some are happy despite the morbid trend of her novels—and it is good news to hear that she is out of danger. But why all this ado about the mysterious cause of the accident, that took place in fair weather, on a good surface and at no very great speed? Experts have gone over the road and examined what was left of the car without finding a reason for the crash.

To my way of thinking the explanation is simple. The driver of a high-powered sports car is always subconsciously aware of the devil that lurks in every machine. It is an imprisoned devil and it passionately, wickedly resents its captivity. If for one, inexplicable moment it feels that its master's subconscious awareness has ceased . . . it plays up! The trouble is there's nothing one can do about it!

## **En cas d'erreur**

•Irate interpellation: "Do you take me for a fool?"

Retort courteous: "No! But, of course, I may be mistaken."

GIULIETTA MASINA (above), who has just returned to Italy after winning an Oscar in New York for her picture "La Strada," is seen preparing to go to Cannes for the current Film Festival. So also is Jacqueline Sassard (below), sixteen-year-old star of the film "Guendalina"





Mike Dav

## An outstanding British ballet "shows the flag" in Europe

TONIGHT, Britain's Festival Ballet is due to open a two-and-a-half week season at the Theatre de Champs-Elysees, in the course of a brilliantly successful European tour embracing all the chief musical festivals. The company's prima ballerina, Tony Lander, here seen partnered in *Etudes* by the renowned Anton Dolin, will in Paris be on familiar ground, for she is the wife of Harald Lander, Director of the School of Dance, and Ballet Master, of the Theatre de l'Opera. When the Festival Ballet appeared at Copenhagen last month, Mme. Lander's dancing so impressed King Frederik that he awarded her the Knight's Cross of Danneborg, and she was also made an Artiste of Honour at Aarhus University. Anton Dolin, who is the co-founder of the company, is also the Artistic Director. In Paris the Festival Ballet will open with a production of *Graduation Ball*, a work new to its repertoire



O'OVER (Michael O'Connor, left), the American snared by *Zuleika* and (right) her father, Warden of Judas College (Daniel Thorndike)



## At the Theatre

# FEMME EXTREMELY FATALE

"ZULEIKA" (Saville Theatre). Sir Max Beerbohm's Oxford fantasy has been turned into a work which, though much resembling an Edwardian musical comedy, has occasional life-saving touches of irony. Below, the infatuated Duke of Dorset (David Morton) is loftily disdainful with *Zuleika* (Mildred Mayne) the woman who has stolen his impregnable heart. Below them, the endearing Noaks (Peter Woodthorpe) ardently woos his Katie (Patricia Stark). Drawings by Glan Williams



WHEN it comes to play-going, the youngest débutante and the amiablest of uncles have to reckon with differences of taste that often seem irreconcilable. He is apt to be horrified by what leaves her calmly open-eyed and waiting for more. They are nowhere more likely to compose their differences than at the Saville. She can hardly help being lightly entertained by *Zuleika*; and he will tell her that this is rather how things used to be at Daly's in the good old time; and she, for once, will nod sympathetically.

It is indeed a long time since anything so redolent of Edwardian musical comedy was seen in London or anywhere else. There have been, of course, many revivals of this or that celebrated piece, but in effect, if not of set purpose, they have usually fallen into burlesque.

A series of lucky accidents and good luck has now brought about something like the real thing, and it is played by a company which has somehow recovered the long-lost trick of believing in their material. *Zuleika* is Max Beerbohm set to music. It began at a Cambridge undergraduate club two years ago, and there a youthfully ambitious effort was made to render the quite heartless irony of the original fantasy. This was something that did not come off and the professionals who took over the piece decided that it was something that was never likely to come off in the professional theatre.

THEY therefore filed down the more ruthless edges of Beerbohm's humour, doing the job so discreetly that the natural exuberance of the joke did not suffer. They were then left with Mr. James Firman's stage book of the literary fantasy and had the good sense to let well alone.

It is, in fact, really quite surprising how smoothly the devastating story of Oxford infatuations runs into an orthodox musical comedy plot and also how much of Beerbohm's dialogue has been used with little or no alteration of emphasis. A great deal of professional work still remained to be done, but no pains were spared, and the result can be recommended warmly, not only to débutantes and uncles, but to all who like their musicals to be touched with fantasy and gaiety and wit, and not to be madly preoccupied with present-day problems.


Mr. Peter Tranchell's pastiche of Edwardian light music is full of clever turns of tune, and Mr. Osbert Lancaster's settings are realistic, with neat touches of pictorial fun. The costumes belong to the age of hobble skirts, and the dancing, in the Edwardian tradition, aims less at significance than at a general effect of graceful vivacity.

The capital difficulty of the whole enterprise is to find someone to play *Zuleika*. A heroine so heartlessly yet so irresistibly enchanting, that for her sake all the youth of Oxford with one ignoble exception, throws itself into the River Isis is no ordinary musical comedy heroine. Gertrude Lawrence in her *Nymph Errant* days would have been the obvious choice but there is no such obvious clear cut choice today for the manager searching urgently for a new and beautiful leading lady possessing star quality.

MISS MILDRED MAYNE, taking the part at short notice, is surprisingly good. She is always engaging, and she sings easily and well. As Dorset, Mr. David Morton lacks the arrogance which won the marvellous patrician the deference which the Oxford of his day accorded him without question, but he is a fine and handsome dandy and carries off consistently the hopeless bewilderment of a suitor who has bestowed his love on a woman who would be quite ready to love him did he not love her. In such a situation what can a man do but die, and he goes to his death magnificently.

Noaks, the North Country scholarship boy, had a strictly subordinate place in the novel, but Mr. Peter Woodthorpe turns him into an endearingly comic figure holding a place on the stage only a little less central than that occupied by the Duke himself. He and Miss Patricia Stark turn "Seventeen Years From Now" into the song of the evening, but the ballad to Nellie O'Mora, well sung by Mr. John Gower as The Macquern, is Mr. Tranchell's most successful composition. It would be spoiling sport to explain how the adapter contrives a happy ending for this tragedy of youth; but what an inspired contrivance it is, and one that Sir Max Beerbohm himself would surely not have despised!

—Anthony Cookman



## FINE DRAMA ENACTED ON THE CAMPUS

ELIZABETH SELLARS, well known to theatre and cinema audiences as an actress of charm, humour and intelligence, is now appearing at the Comedy Theatre in the successful American play "Tea And Sympathy," by Robert Anderson. Miss Sellars portrays the neglected wife of a hearty schoolmaster. In giving her affection and sympathy to a persecuted schoolboy, she succeeds in solving his problems and facing up to her own



The exquisite silver  
Duke of Edinburgh's  
Cup designed by  
Maurice Lambert

## AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House traditionally marks the opening of the London Season.

This year's display contains a wider and more representative range of pictures than some we have seen of late. If this implies the criticism that there is a little too much of "something for everybody," one can only reply that there is no other exhibition in the world which annually contains—as well, inevitably, as much that is indifferent—so much that is unquestionably first rate.

The traditionalist can be happy in finding a great deal of what is best in the British tradition safely secured against the anarchy of "action" painters and their like. The *avant-garde*, for their part, can find plenty to please them in Rooms VII and VIII, where the "kitchen sink" school revel in the somewhat drab world of social realism. The conservative of portraiture can find orders, robes, and pearl tiepins mathematically delineated, while the true lover of "phiz" painting can delight in a new head by Augustus John, O.M. The Old Master of Fordingbridge can still teach the younger generation how to paint.

Here is Dame Laura Knight with one of her brilliant circus studies to show that her hand and eye still retain their matchless ability, while a finely evoked snowscape by Julia Rushbury—a former student at the Academy Schools—shows that the younger generation can produce worthy successors.

AGAIN the water colourists show that here is one corner of art which the British have made almost exclusively their own. The excellence and sensitivity of so many of the water colours makes one wish that a few more people would develop the power to appreciate them at their true value. For half the price of a run-of-the-mill oil painting one can secure a small masterpiece in water colours. It would be more than tragic if this branch of art should wither through neglect. In this "lower price range" a welcome addition to this year's exhibition is a number of excellent colour lithographs. Many of them have a delightful verve and gaiety, making them ideal decorations for the modern small house or flat.

The new school of British sculpture—one branch of the visual arts in which this country leads the world—is well represented. This revival of sculpture in an age that often seems little suited to it is one of the strangest phenomena of the past ten years. Akin to sculpture is the art of the silversmith, and a fine example is the Duke of Edinburgh's trophy by Maurice Lambert. Silver is a craft in which this country has long been pre-eminent, and it is inspiring to find that our traditional excellence is still maintained by such praiseworthy work.

—Ernle Bradford



A common urban scene in Britain



"Old Time Clowns," Dame Laura Knight.  
Below, "James Dean's Death", John Minton

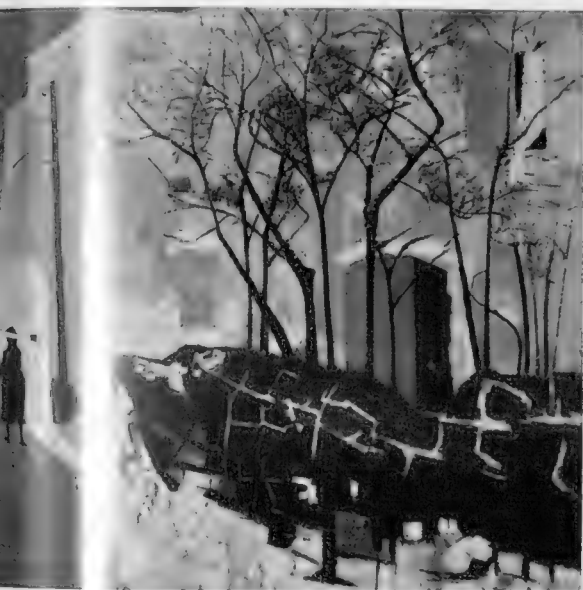


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Royal Academy Illu



*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
May 8,  
1957  
325*

*"The Playground," given great life by John Ward*



*"Street Scene in Kyrenia," by R. Tyson*

*"Edward Grove," by Augustus John*



*"His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester," by Simon Elwes*

*"Shipyard, Falmouth," a Cornish scene, by Henry Rushbury*



## Innocent in Paris

AUDREY HEPBURN plays opposite that perennial enchanter Fred Astaire in the musical *Funny Face*. Transplanted from the soil of Greenwich Village, the bluestocking Miss Hepburn as a newly discovered fashion model is whisked to Paris and a world of Left Bank beards, *haute couture* and romance set to Gershwin music



Karsh

### At the Pictures

## HIGH AND LOW BROWS IN HAUTE COUTURE

*Elsbeth Grant*

MISS AUDREY HEPBURN's performance in the title rôle of *Funny Face* is a complete ravishment—yet it is not the one I shall remember in stunned admiration whenever I think of this admirable musical which so wittily and impartially burlesques both the fine frenzy of the Paris world of *haute couture* and the gloomful intellectualism of the Left Bank café philosophers. No: I shall remember Miss Kay Thompson as the ferociously efficient editress of a fashion magazine called *Quality*.

Miss Thompson streaks comet-like into the cinema firmament—a luminary from the Outer Space of cabaret—and beside her the familiar stars look a little pale. She is the most dominant female personality to have struck the screen for quite a while and she handles every situation, every line, every song and every dance routine that comes her way with dazzling virtuosity. The publicity boys tell me, in tones of awe, that Miss Thompson has “written a book”: I wouldn't put anything past her. Nor would I ever wish to get into an argument with her: she seems to have rather more teeth than is usual—and all the better to bite your head off with, my dear. Miss Thompson is something to marvel at from a respectful distance.

A quest for highbrow backgrounds for a series of fashion photographs takes Miss Thompson, her ace photographer—Mr. Fred Astaire—and a string of models to a Greenwich Village bookshop where Miss Audrey Hepburn sells learned tomes to the long-haired and broods upon Empathy. Miss Thompson needs a new type of cover-girl—to be publicised as The Quality Woman—and, on Mr. Astaire's suggestion, the bewildered Miss Hepburn

is elected "it." She (unlike so many young women) has no wish to model, but is lured to Paris with promises that she shall meet Flostre, the High Priest of Empathicalism (M. Michel Auclair), as well as Duval, the couturier of the moment (Mr. Robert Flemyng).

Paris, as far as the director, Mr. Stanley Donen, is concerned, is an excuse for a conducted tour (involving the use of a triptych screen), an exposure of the fashion photographer's box of tricks, a revelation of the base male instincts lurking behind a bogus philosopher's beard, a demonstration of the difference clothes can make to a girl, and an indication that (photographed through a green mist) Mr. Astaire, at fifty-six, can still figure as a young girl's dream lover.

"We're fashion people—and, let's face it, we're a cold lot," says Miss Thompson crushingly, when romance rears its rose-wreathed head. Well, *we* are not: we're cinemagoers—and under the influence of Miss Hepburn's pure beauty, Miss Thompson's infernal vitality, and a handful of nostalgic Gershwin numbers, we find ourselves incandescent with pleasure over this latest Paramount picture.

THAT psycho-analysts have their little problems just like everybody else appears to be the theme of *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!*—a comedy as boisterous as surf-riding, which suddenly leaves one stranded on the sands of a serious discussion as to why it is that brides dwindle into mere wives.

Mr. David Niven is a psychiatrist with a charming couch-side manner, who is regarded by his feather-brained fiancée, Miss Barbara Rush, as a person of godlike wisdom. He is kind and understanding and ineffably self-possessed—until a new and palpably demented patient (Mr. Tony Randall—giving an inspired lunatic performance) blabs out some disquieting information about Miss Rush's past. When Miss Ginger Rogers, another patient, follows this up with the news that her husband once had an affair with Miss Rush, Mr. Niven degenerates into the common or garden furiously jealous male—and does so most amusingly.

It is Mr. Dan Dailey, the allegedly erring husband, who, of all people, introduces an earnest note—for he is apparently genuinely worried about what to do with a wife who has everything she ever wanted but still persists in rending the air of their luxury apartment with cries of "Make me *happy!*" and threatens to emulate Nora in Ibsen's *Doll's House* and go off (vague gesture towards the window) "out there." What, Mr. Dailey wants to know with desperation, *is* out there that makes women so mad to leave home.

Mr. Niven pulls himself together at this juncture and dispenses a little godlike wisdom to the couple—but it takes another psycho-analyst to straighten him out on his own personal problems. Mr. Nunnally Johnson, who has directed with insight and verve, cannot be blamed for the fact that the comedy goes off-key in its later reaches: that is the fault of the script-writers—or perhaps the play upon which the film was based.

SIGNOR FRANCO ROSSI's *Friends For Life* is a fragile and deeply affecting study of a friendship between two thirteen-year-old schoolboys—Mario (Master Geronimo Meynier) and Franco (Master Andrea Scire). Mario, a cheerful extrovert, son of a well-to-do ceramist, has a normal family life. Franco has lived with his diplomat father in hotels since the death of his mother, eight years ago: he is lonely, sensitive and has pathetically perfect manners.

Though they are—or, it may be, because they are—so different in temperament, they become the closest of friends, linked by bonds that they know can never be broken but which, by a wounding word, are suddenly severed for ever. Signor Rossi, who collaborated on the script, clearly understands and poignantly conveys the intensity of boyhood relationships, the exhilaration and the anguish and the vulnerability of youth. If this tender, beautifully acted film does not move you to tears—nothing will.

Jeff Chandler, looking becomingly grave and noble, has the title rôle in *Drango* and is a Yankee major who, after the Civil War, has been given the uncomfortable assignment of bringing law and order to a Southern community. The natives are distinctly hostile—which is not to be wondered at since, as a part of Sherman's army, the major and his men were responsible for the devastation and poverty that now exist in the district.



RONALD HOWARD, like his father before him, plays a Southern gentleman in *Drango*. The title rôle is taken by Jeff Chandler, a Yankee major with the unenviable task of restoring order in an embittered Southern community ravished by the Civil War



GINGER ROGERS as Mildred Turner in *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!* while on the psycho-analyst's couch sees her husband, Arthur (Dan Dailey), as a devil and herself as blameless as an angel

## PUBLISHER CELEBRATES

MICHAEL JOSEPH, one of London's most successful publishers, is this year celebrating twenty-one years in the trade. He is seen looking from his office window over Bloomsbury



Mark Gerson

### Book Reviews

## AN ENGLISH MASTER OF THE NOVELLA



A DANCER IN THE ZAMBRA, from Pietro Annigoni's "Spanish Sketchbook" (Museum Press, 35s.) with photographs by Alex Sterling

H. E. BATES's new book, **Death Of A Huntsman** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), contains four tales, linked by a sinister theme—the subjugation of man by woman. Each of the four is a wellnigh perfect example of the *novella*: a form more used on the Continent than here. A *novella* is not to be mistaken for a potted novel on the one hand, or an over-length short story on the other: it is a thing entirely in itself, and Mr. Bates is one of our masters of it. On this occasion, it suits his purpose well, and is also merciful to the reader. For I doubt if anyone could endure, for a full-length book, the company of any one of these fiendish ladies.

Glimpses, and dark intimations, are enough. By wonderfully economical constructions, Mr. Bates takes us straight towards the heart of the drama—at the same time allowing himself sufficient room to set his scene and build up his characters' backgrounds. His four men, if one may say so, are sitting ducks: if they had not met trouble in the form he shows, they undoubtedly would have met it in another. They are, respectively, a City man residing in "the stockbroker belt" country, a lorry driver, a shipping clerk and a butterfly-loving bachelor of sixty. It is my firm conviction that Mr. Bates loves the country, landscapes, nature and seasons of the year considerably better than he likes human beings—and why not?

CLEAR cut as his characters are, they are always a shade less convincing than his scenes—which in this book, as in others of his, are forever exciting, poetic, moving, memorable. And this preference is probably just as well. If one were more deeply touched by his male sufferers, their predicaments would be too painful for words: as it is, they make nerve-racking, first-rate stories.

Harry Barnfield, the "huntsman" of the first piece, is an exception—Mr. Bates is all for him, and so was I. His encirclement by a ghastly former charmer of the 1920s, with whose daughter he is on the point of finding happiness, really *is* tragic.

One way and another, "Death Of A Huntsman," with its comical opening and sombre close, is for me the masterpiece of this volume—though "Night Run To The West," with its eerie nocturnal main road setting, runs it close. In "Summer In Salandra"—scene the island off Portugal—I thought we were going to be in for horrible vulture trouble (as in this author's novel *The Jacaranda Tree*). As it was, the lady with the handbag, the steamy heat, the landslide and the clerk's foot crushed to a pulp proved more than enough. In "The Queen Of Spain Fritillary" (wonderful English Midland background) a nasty little seventeen-year-old plays fast and loose with an ageing hermit admirer.

Why, oh why, has Mr. Bates, one of the props and stars of good English prose, deviated into *American* language? Why does he call a lorry driver a truck driver? Why does the lady (on p. 78) say "Nobody called much" instead of "Almost nobody rang up"—the context of the talk being a telephone? Why does the handbag maniac in the island story accuse her victim Manson of being "mad" with her, instead of "angry"? Not a single one of these characters is American! If *Death Of A Huntsman* had reached us via the U.S.A., I still do feel that the author, or someone else, should have re-translated it into our native tongue!

★ ★ ★

PATRICIA HUTCHINS, compatriot of the genius Irishman, has done a wonderful piece of work on **James Joyce's World** (Methuen, 30s.) This is a reconstruction of a life in terms of the scenes with which it was connected—Dublin, Trieste, Zürich, London, Paris, and so on. And the journey Miss Hutchins has made, in Joyce's tracks, was of more than sentimental and pious interest: in this case, topography plays a part as the root of vocabulary, the key to imagery. Do any of us, literary or not, fail to be haunted by places (most of all, those of youth) or to react to the echoes of place-names? James Joyce, who in this our twentieth century was to alter the world's conception of prose literature, exiled himself from his native city, Dublin: yet without cease, re-living Dublin obsessively, he made it both source and scene of his art. The Irish capital exists, therefore, for thousands who have never in actuality known it.

But Miss Hutchins's book goes, rightly, farther afield. For every city, street, flat or hotel in which the Joyces halted in their Continental wanderings may also have left its mark, however obscurely, on James Joyce's extraordinary pages. The more one knows, the better one understands. Therefore, let Joyce-lovers thank Miss Hutchins for evoking small, homely, intelligible things from which sprang giant, not always intelligible books. And the numerous illustrations, all "place" photographs, add to the scope of this document—many are beautiful. There emerges a human, lovable portrait of Joyce the man.

*James Joyce's World* should also go, I suggest, to readers who have been scared away, up to now. Much nonsense is talked about James Joyce—but here's good sense!

★ ★ ★

THE latest, and possibly best, Ian Fleming thriller is **From Russia, With Love** (Cape, 13s. 6d.) On the jacket, a rose crossed by a revolver—and the first chapter is drenched in sinister roses; the Queen of Flowers reeks from even the soap! Scene? A Crimea resort in the U.S.S.R., where Smersh's executioner No. 1 is being conditioned, pending his next assignment. Next, the privileged reader moves to the Smersh back-room, Moscow, where British Secret Service agent, our friend James Bond, is being condemned to the sort of death which will, at the same time, ruin his reputation.

Colonel Rosa Klebb, a female unparelled for awfulness (particularly when out of uniform and in a transparent apricot nightgown), dominates the first, Russian half of the story. Innocent Corporal Tatiana Romanova, predestined decoy duck, to my mind never comes out so strong. In fact, the second half of *From Russia, With Love* is, ever so slightly, an anticlimax. Not without irritation do we watch James Bond, all unconscious, waffling around Istanbul—or so it appears. And the death-threats on the Orient Express seem a shade protracted. From beginning to end, however, here's magnificent writing, plus grim humour.

—Elizabeth Bowen



JACK SHEPPARD, hanged at Tyburn in 1724, from the painting by Sir James Thornhill, in "The Road To Tyburn" (Longmans, Green, 16s.) written by Christopher Hibbert



ARMS of D'Arcy (left) and (above) Lord Crook of Carshalton are taken from "Heraldry And Genealogy" by L. G. Pine (English Universities Press, 6s.). Pavlova and Uday Shan-kar (below), an illustration from "My Years With Pavlova" (Heinemann, 25s.) by H. Algeranoff





### Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

SUMMER in the town, even in this rain-swept island, can be an uncomfortably hot affair, and in order to be cool, calm and collected, clothes must be chosen with an eye to comfort as well as to fashion. Here are shown suits and dresses in supple lightweight fabrics combined with easy fluid designs to give this season's gentle look. Above: After Balmain, this softly draped dress by Rembrandt is made in pale natural coloured draplyne, an exclusive Swiss fabric. It costs 11½ gns. and is obtainable in other colours from Eve Valère, Knightsbridge, and Hendersons of Liverpool. Pale straw hat by Vernier, gloves by Pinkham

# LIGHTLY DRESSED FOR SUMMER



Michel Molinare

BOVE: Slate blue dress and jacket by Matita. The slim belted dress has a wide u-neck edged in white pique; the loose jacket is collared and edged in white pique. Approximately 28 gns., it comes from Saxon Novis of Berkeley St., W.1

RIGHT: White and black spotted shantung tailored dress with a vee-necked bodice and tiny sleeves (approx. 18½ gns.), worn with a velvet-collared fitted coat in black grosgrain (approx. 26½ gns.). By Julian Rose, at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, and Jenners, Edinburgh



IN THE CITY



## A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

LEFT: Rima's deceptively casual dress and three-quarter length tunic jacket are in coral and white woven jacquard. The sheath dress has a wide scoop neckline draped in coral jersey; it costs approximately 38 gns. From Anne Gerrard, Bruton Street

LEFT BELOW: By Crayson, this semi-fitting clerical grey suit in fine worsted barathea has a slim skirt and large-buttoned jacket; approx. 15 gns. at Woollands, Knightsbridge, and J. Jones, Ltd., Manchester. Blue and white spotted tulle hat by Condor



RIGHT: Matita's suit in a soft blue-grey and beige feather patterned cotton has a slim skirt and short, fitting jacket with unusual lapels, price 23 gns. at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. The enormous deep brown woven raffia hat with sweeping brim is by Valerie Brill





# Lightweight wool for between the seasons

ON these pages we show the casual look reminiscent of the thirties as it is interpreted by Chanel, whose fame dates from that era, and Guy Laroche, a young designer who caused a great stir with his first collection. Opposite page: Chanel's very casual woollen suit, devoid of canvassing or padding, is made in string coloured canvas-like weave; it is straight, unfitted and loose, with collar and facings matching the printed blouse worn underneath in the inimitable Chanel style



Nicole Bukzin

ABOVE LEFT: By Guy Laroche, this dress in pale sand colour wool Glen check has cowl drapery at the back caught at the waist by a self fabric belt which is casually knotted in front. The upward-in-front waistline is very apparent in the double-breasted bolero worn over a dress with knotted effect in front (above right), also by Guy Laroche. Both are in carrot colour wool canvas weave



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

## BLENDED COLOUR

**F**EATHERWEIGHT wool and subtly flattering colours make this dress and coat by Jaeger perfect partners for spring and early summer. The dress, in creamy blond boucle, fits softly to the figure, has a rounded neckline, brief sleeves and a skirt that is tucked at the front. Price 8½ gns., it comes in many other colours. The classic coat, cut loose and slim with raglan sleeves, is made in soft wool tweed blended in cream, pale pink and deep rose, 12½ gns. Dress, Jaeger, Regent St. and Sloane St.; coat, Regent St. and branches



# Sundry embellishments to summer fashion

*BEAUTIFUL accessories such as bags, shoes, gloves and belts are necessary and important features of a woman's wardrobe. Jewellery, scent bottles and similar items are also a pleasure to give and to receive*

—JEAN CLELAND



Shoe in black suede and gold kid by Bally of Switzerland, £8 8s.; black suede bag, filigree handle £7 17s. 6d. Russell & Bromley



Imitation of Swiss silver and gilt, engine turned and chased cigarette case, £1 9s. 6d., which comes from Debenham & Freebody



Useful and attractive for summer shopping, this plastic two-piece holdall bag and purse, in white or beige, costs £2 19s. 6d. Debenham & Freebody



Travelling scent spray by Marcel Franc, in gilt, £3 9s. 6d., from Debenham & Freebody



Pearl and paste collar interspersed with oval baroque pearls, £7 7s.; matching bracelet, £3 12s. 6d., Debenham & Freebody

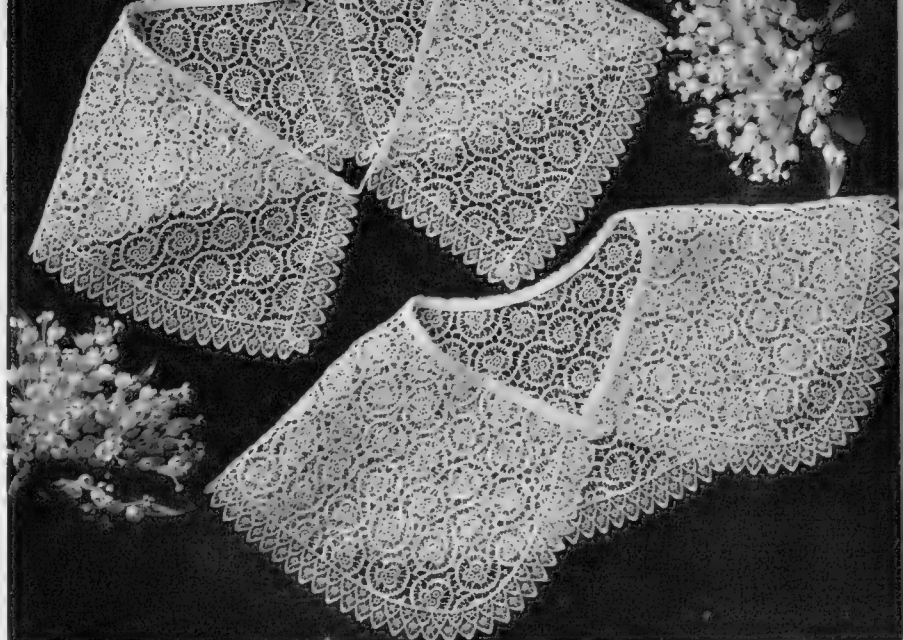


This very fashionable brushed gilt collar necklet, £1 19s. 6d., and matching ear-rings, 15s. 6d., come from Debenham & Freebody

Italian glass scent bottle surrounded with white metal filigree, 12s. 11d. Marshall & Snelgrove



Italian evening stole in fine wool jersey and lace, with heavy silk fringe, costing £10 12s. 6d., and obtainable from Finnigans



This collar and cuff set in a delicate lace design costs £2 10s. 6d., and the lilies of the valley cost 18s. 9d. a spray. Both can be obtained from Dickins & Jones

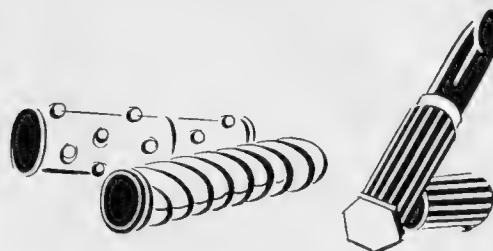


Delightful boxes of French handkerchiefs, one with "Violettes" design, 21s. box of two, and the other "Trianon," 22s. 6d. box of two, obtainable from Harrods



## Beauty

## Sunshine scrutiny



WHAT a difference it makes when the sun shines. A few days ago it was teeming with rain, and I couldn't have cared less. This morning golden sunshine is lighting up the room, and I want to try out all the new beauty preparations designed to give us a "lift" in the spring.

One of the things that really intrigues me is French of London's new solid version of his popular "French Accent." By this means, it is the simplest thing in the world to give an exciting touch of colour to your hair. Available in three shades, "Tiger Bronze," "Demon Gold," and "Quicksilver," this solid "French Accent" has a special container which works on the same principle as a lipstick, and is ideal for carrying in the handbag.

To keep you well ahead of the news, I must also tell you about Steiner's new "Hi-Shine" brilliantine, which is something most women will want to try out. This not only gives a lovely sheen and a fascinating sparkle to the hair, but it enhances the natural colour and brings up the highlights. You can get it in "Henna" (for mid-browns, chestnuts and blondes), "Lilac" (for whites, greys, redheads and blondes), "Gunmetal" (for black to greys). To "Hi-Shine" Steiner has added his "Steinolan," which he describes as "the heart of lanoline." This makes it not only beautifying, but good for the hair.

RECENTLY the Beauty Clinic, in Wigmore Street, opened a new hairdressing salon. Until now, this clinic has been famous for various scientific beauty treatments, including slimming. Now hair is included, and, on paying a visit I was interested in the new "silent" hair driers, which, believe it or not, are practically noiseless. So now, if a friend wants to chat with you while your hair is drying, she can do so without having to shout at the top of her voice.

Another feature of these driers is that they lift up in the front to enable you to get your head underneath without diving and ducking. Those who are busy with jobs during the day will be glad to hear that this hairdressing salon keeps open until 7 o'clock on Thursday evenings.

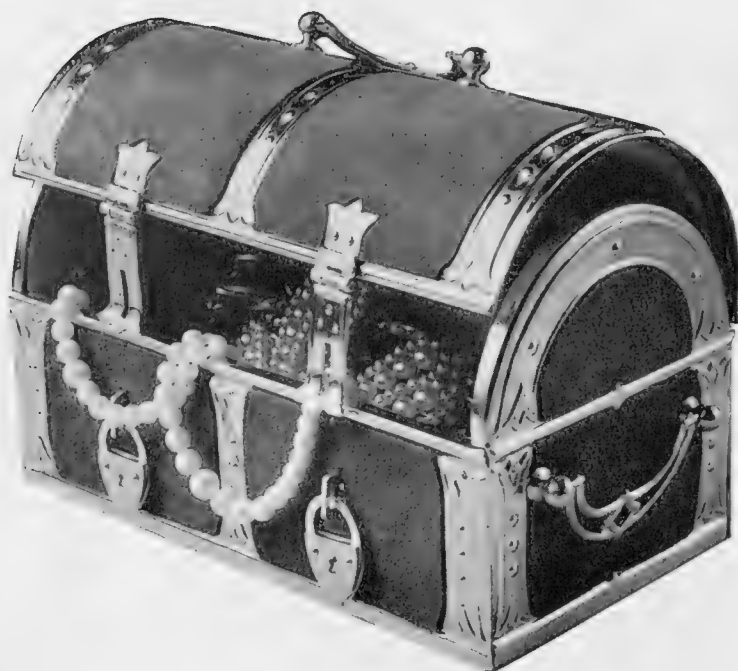
THE temptation to have a spending spree waxes strong when the sun comes out. There comes the urge for something new, and what could be better than a new face to greet the spring. This is the time to go and have a few salon treatments to get the skin soft and smooth. Young girls in the gay whirl of their first season may like to make a note of two preparations which should prove useful, since both are non-drying, and inexpensive.

First, Nivea's new super-fatted Creme Soap. Delicately perfumed, this contains many of the Nivea Creme's ingredients including eucerite, which is the nearest thing to the skin's natural oils. This soap solves the problem for those who, though their skin is dry, still like to give it a good wash with soap and water.

Second, Pond's new "Angel Face." Already well known in its original form, this product has now been given the addition of lanoline to counteract any tendency to dryness. It has some lovely new shades, and should be a popular buy.

—Jean Cleland

This charming classic eight button length glove (above) is hand sewn and is from Les Gants Christian Dior by Dents at 27s. 6d. The little Italian suede and gilt jewel trunk (below) at £6 16s. 6d. comes from Debenham and Freebody





Lenare

**Miss Marian Cracroft-Amcotts**, daughter of *Lt.-Col. Sir Weston and Lady Cracroft-Amcotts, of Hackthorn Hall, Lincoln*, is to marry *Mr. Thomas Micklem, of Crooksbury View, Ford Lane, Farnham, son of the late Major Charles Micklem and Mrs. Micklem, of Long Cross House, Surrey*

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Vandyk

**Miss Gillian Picton Hughes-Jones**, daughter of the late *Mr. Picton Hughes-Jones*, and of *Mrs. Picton Hughes-Jones, of Chieveley, Newbury*, is engaged to the *Hon. Ronald Alexander Henry Barnes, younger son of Lord Gorell, and the late Lady Gorell, of London, W.8*



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Elizabeth Ann Good**, daughter of *Lt.-Col. S. B. Good, O.B.E., and Mrs. Good, of Parley Cross, Dorset*, has recently announced her engagement to *Lt. Brian Noel Edward Fox, R.A., son of the late Major E. L. W. Fox, M.C., and Mrs. M. S. Fox, of Hadlow, Kent*



**Miss Isabel Valerie Troidahl**, elder daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Troidahl, of Priestfield Lodge, Burnopfield, County Durham*, is engaged to *Mr. Robin Wyndham Harman Crawford, second son of Brig. and Mrs. K. B. S. Crawford, of Kingsmead, Wokingborough*



Yevonde

**Miss Bronwen Elaine Lloyd**, younger daughter of *Air/Cdre. and Mrs. I. T. Lloyd, of Porchester Terrace, W.2*, has become engaged to *Lt. Michael Henry Everett, R.N., eldest son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. D. H. Everett, of Gillinghams, Milford-on-Sea, Hants*



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A charming summer suit to wear throughout the season—in printed silk. The finely, knife-pleated skirt is topped by a trim jacket with  $\frac{3}{4}$  sleeves. Flower patterned in Green, Blue, Tan. Hip sizes 36", 38", 40". Hip size 42".

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**Haddock—Wilson.** Mr. John Michael Wynne Haddock, younger son of the late Colonel W. W. Haddock, and the late Mrs. Julia R. Haddock, of Camberley, Surrey, married Miss Jane Verna Wilson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wilson, of Westcliff, Hermanus, S. Africa, at St. Peter's Church, Hermanus, S. Africa

## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Weir—Miller.** Mr. David M. St. Clair Weir, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Weir, of Edinburgh, married Miss Marion Baldwin Miller, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Miller, of Murrayfield Avenue, Edinburgh, at Murrayfield Parish Church



**Cowie—Woodman.** The marriage took place recently at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, 101 Street, London, S.W.1, between Mr. Mervyn Cowie, Director of the National Game Park, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, and Mrs. Valori Hare Woodman



**Fairclough—Wilson.** Dr. Donald James Fairclough, only son of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Fairclough, of Waderslade, Hoyleake, near Barnsley, Yorks, married Miss Lillias Diana Wilson, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Maurice Wilson, of Ashmore, Bridge of Cally, Perthshire



**Park—Griffin.** Mr. Charles Kendall Park, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Kendall Park, of the British Consulate, Las Palmas, recently married Miss Susan Jane Griffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Griffin, of Bishops Offley, Staffs, at St. Simon Zelotes Church, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1



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Smooth Calf in White, Nude or

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## Motoring

# ROAD UNWORTHINESS

Oliver Stewart



THE period of what might be called phantom fuel rationing has enabled some of the problems of traffic congestion and of driving dangers to be examined more closely. The basis of my parking inquiry differed from the official basis. I considered real and actual obstruction; whereas the police and other authorities consider legal and potential obstruction.

Those who indulge in double and triple bank parking, for instance, should be pursued with all the rigours of the law. They deserve to be fined, for they are reducing, by their actions, the use which others may make of their vehicles. Then there are those who drive up behind a parked car, or back up to it, so that bumpers touch, and then pull the hand brake hard on and lock all doors. Anyone who finds his car jammed in between the cars of two of these idiot drivers will be in favour of capital punishment. If the doors of a car must be left locked, the hand brake should be left off.

NOW for a note or two about driving methods during that burst of fine weather and the week or two which followed. On the whole I found the driving standards were reasonably high. Motor cyclists, of course, assume that they have the right to ignore white lines and to use the right-hand side of the road. They have always done so and presumably they always will. The police do nothing about it. So when motor car drivers are waiting in their place in a queue, they are treated to the spectacle of hordes of motor cyclists blasting by on the right.

In the cities, it is risky to single out any particular kind of vehicle for criticism. For, sometimes, one may find that specified type of vehicle in the hands of a courteous and expert driver. But I would say that, with Post Office vans, this is rare. They are

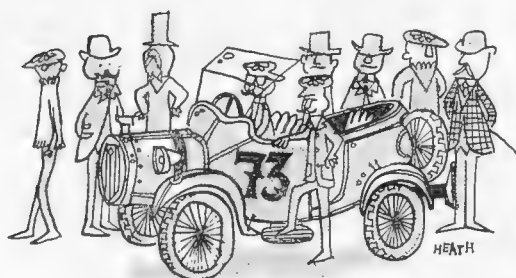
badly constructed for safe driving, partly because of their blindness to the rear and the difficulty the driver has of scanning the road behind. As these vans are for ever stopping and re-starting, their blindness is important.

When coming up behind a Post Office van it is in the highest degree imprudent to assume that a signal will be given or any other precaution taken before the van turns across the road. It is only necessary to stand near any big Post Office in any part of London for a few minutes to see and to wonder at the ways of Post Office vans.

THEN there is, of course, our old friend, the slow, middle-of-the-road driver. I always stick up for the slow driver. He who wishes to move slowly should be permitted to do so. There should be no suggestion that everybody should keep above a certain minimum speed. But slow driving is an art of its own. If a car moving very slowly is not to get in the way of other traffic, it must be positioned at all times with scrupulous care.

Moreover the slow driver must watch the traffic pattern even more intently than the driver going at about the same speed as the rest of the stream. But with sufficient skill (and I would say that as much skill is required to drive slowly without incommencing others as to drive fast) the slow driver can fit into the pattern.

And that brings up the main point. Traffic moves largely in groups of vehicles. If they all go at the same speed, the risks of trouble are low. If a few of the drivers want to go much faster than the others or much more slowly, difficulties increase. That is why it is good advice to say that one should try to accept the general rate of movement if possible and *not* try to get ahead of the group.



Mr. and Mrs. Terence Cuneo  
with Mrs. Maurice Bradshaw



Mr. Roy Nockolds and Mr.  
Frank Wootton, the artists

## VISITING THE R.A.C. JUBILEE SHOW

THE Diamond Jubilee exhibition of the Royal Automobile Club, which has recently closed in London, included exhibits of great artistic and intrinsic value, from 1868 onwards. It will shortly tour the provinces, visiting Stretford, Coventry, Blackpool, Leicester, Bristol and other centres



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## DINING IN

# The essence of simplicity



IT seems to me that the simple but exciting way of preparing dishes appeals more and more, probably because so many women, nowadays, are their own cooks, and I have a theory that they have become very good ones for the very simple reason that they know what they are trying to achieve. What they do not always know, however, is how easily prepared some of the most interesting dishes are.

Sole Duglère, named after the French chef who invented the dish, is an example. But sole is very expensive these days.

Halibut is the answer. Though it is not an inexpensive fish, it is economical, the amount of skin and bone on a nice thick steak being negligible. A steak, cooked on the bone, is very easy to skin and one need only lift the bone out to get rid of it.

YOU can get a steak, thinly cut from the small end, for one; a slightly thicker steak, cut from a little farther on, for two, and a fairly thick piece for four. In each case, the cooking operation is the same.

Here, then, for four servings is Halibut Duglère. A steak of 1½ to 2 lb. should be ample. One can usually buy one to fit a fairly long dish.

Sprinkle the inside of the well-buttered dish with a chopped shallot. Place the halibut in it and sprinkle a good teaspoon of chopped parsley on top. Add ½ lb. chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes, ¼ pint dry white wine, and salt and a little white pepper to taste. Cover

closely with butter paper. Put on the lid and bake the fish gently for 25 to 30 minutes, or until the centre bone can be easily removed, at 300 to 325 deg. F. or gas mark 2.

MEANWHILE, melt two walnuts of butter and in them cook a teaspoon of flour for a minute, without colouring it. Away from the heat, drain the stock from the fish into the mixture, then gently cook to thicken the sauce. But it should be fairly thin, so add a little water if necessary. Lift the halibut on to a heated serving-dish, peel off the skin and pick out the bone. Pour the sauce over and around it and with it serve tiny whole new potatoes, rolled in butter and sprinkled with chopped parsley.

In some restaurants, a tablespoon or two of thick cream is folded into the sauce and, in others, the surface is sprinkled with breadcrumbs and quickly browned. The cream is a good idea, but the addition and browning of the breadcrumbs may dry the fish.

Halibut, baked this way, is equally delicious when served cold. In this case, do not use the stock for a sauce but simmer it over a low heat to reduce it. Make a good thick mayonnaise. Gradually beat into it the reduced essence of the cooking liquor. A little cream is also permissible. Coat the cold skinned and boned halibut with this, chill and garnish with quartered lemon, sliced cucumber, lettuce and asparagus tips dressed in vinaigrette sauce or any salad materials preferred.

—Helen Burke



## DINING OUT

# Gastronomic tour continued

HERE is another instalment of our Restaurant Roundabout. We would again remind you that if you are unknown to a particular establishment and want to ensure that your meal is a success, you will probably get better results if you make some preliminary contact with the *maitre d'hotel* or the management, such as reserving your table, discussing a possible menu and the wines to go with it, or any specialities that they might suggest. This, of course, should not be necessary, but time and again it has proved to be worth while. "C.S." means closed on Sundays.

RESTAURANT ALBERT, 53-55 Beak Street, W.1. Gerrard 1296. Excellent Continental cuisine at the right price with Oxford Street on the doorstep. Time tested for over twenty years. C.S.

THE ANTELOPE, Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. Sloane 5513. First-class restaurant in a very popular pub with a remarkable wine list.

BOULESTIN, 25 Southampton Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Temple Bar 7061. Many specialities in the traditions of the great gastronome Marcel Boulestin with a fine wine list; allow time and money to do it justice. C.S.

BRUSA'S FIFTY RESTAURANT, 50 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. Temple Bar 1913. Smart Italian restaurant, fairly expensive but very good. C.S.

CAFE ROYAL, 68 Regent Street, W.1. Whitehall 6611. The Grill Room retains the glories of the past, the new restaurant the full tempo of today, to a high standard of quality and service.

CHEZ CICCIO, 8 Kensington Church Street, W.8. Western 2005. Fashionable and

first-class Italian restaurant where Signor Bottari does a lot of the cooking himself.

CHEZ LUBA, 116 Draycott Avenue, Fulham Road, S.W.3. Kensington 6523. The proprietor, known to all and sundry as Niki, is also the chef and prepares with skill Russian and Polish dishes; good and reasonably priced wine list; take his advice as to what goes with what!

CHEZ VICTOR'S KENSINGTON RESTAURANT, 20 Kensington Church Street, W.8. Western 1654. Well worth a visit if only to regard the candlelit décor and listen to an astonishing collection of musical boxes, but the food and the wine are of the highest quality.

CLARENDON, Hammersmith Broadway, W.6. Riverside 1454. If you are heading west, the Clarendon provides fine fare for harassed business men and is filled with them. It has a Silver Grill and large downstairs buttery and several fine bars. C.S.

CORDON BLEU, 31 Marylebone Lane, Wigmore Street, W.1. Welbeck 2931. A tie-up with the famous Cookery School; first-class French cuisine and very friendly service. C.S.

COQ d'OR, Stratton Street, W.1. Mayfair 7807. Fashionable, famous and fairly expensive with the chickens revolving on the spit grill as you go in the door, and a fine wine list. C.S.

CUMBERLAND GRILL, Marble Arch, W.1. Ambassador 1234. First-class food and wine; excellent service and outstanding value for money.

CUNNINGHAM'S, 51 Curzon Street, W.1. Grosvenor 3141. Specializing in seafoods of the highest quality; smart and expensive. C.S.

DERRY & TOMS, Kensington High Street, W.8. Western 8181. If it is a fine day, take

your friends to the restaurant in the fabulous gardens on the roof of this large store for a light lunch and a bottle of nice cool wine. It is something new for most people. C.S.

DR. BUTLER'S HEAD, Masons Avenue E.C.2. Monarch 3504. Very old London chophouse with a minstrel gallery. Fine English food, excellent beers and good wines. Owned by Pimms, it's the place to have a No. 1, properly made, if you want refreshing. C.S.

ESCARGOT, 48 Greek Street, W.1. Gerrard 4460. Entirely French and fashionable. Take your time here and try a dozen of the creatures whose name the restaurant bears—they're excellent. C.S.

ETOILE, 30 Charlotte Street, W.1. Museum 7189. Allow plenty of time and money when you dine and wine here; one of the best French restaurants in London. C.S.

GEORGE & VULTURE, 3 Castle Court, Cornhill, E.C.3. Hop 4561. Famous City chophouse—was much used by Charles Dickens. Choose your own chops and steaks and watch them grill. C.S.

GORE HOTEL, 189 Queens Gate, S.W.7. Knightsbridge 4222. First-class French and English cuisine in the restaurant, supported by the largest wine list in England. Visit their famous Elizabethan Room for authentic Tudor fare. Down below, another fantasy, the Star Chamber Room where anything from jazz sessions to Old English feasts take place.

HATCHETT'S RESTAURANT, 67a Piccadilly, W.1. Hyde Park 1804. A London veteran where the young can dance and be gay for a reasonable price. C.S.

These are all I have room for this week, but I hope to make a further list in the near future.

—I. Bickerstaff

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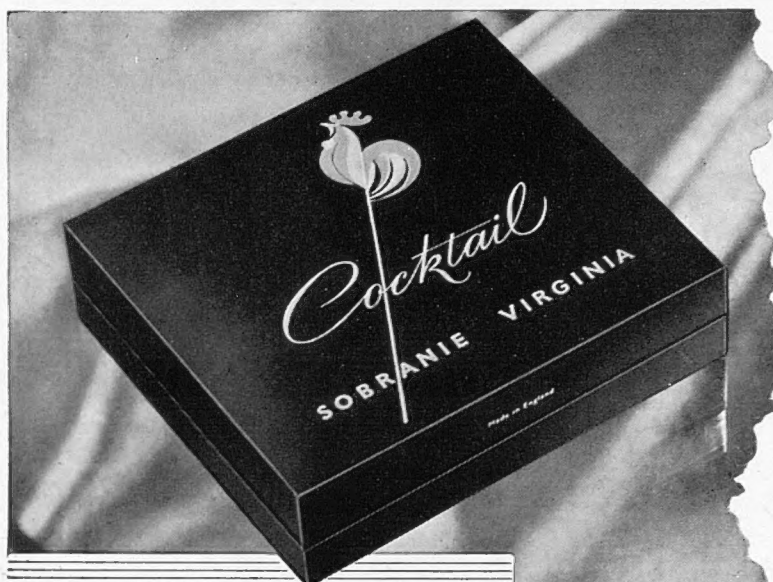
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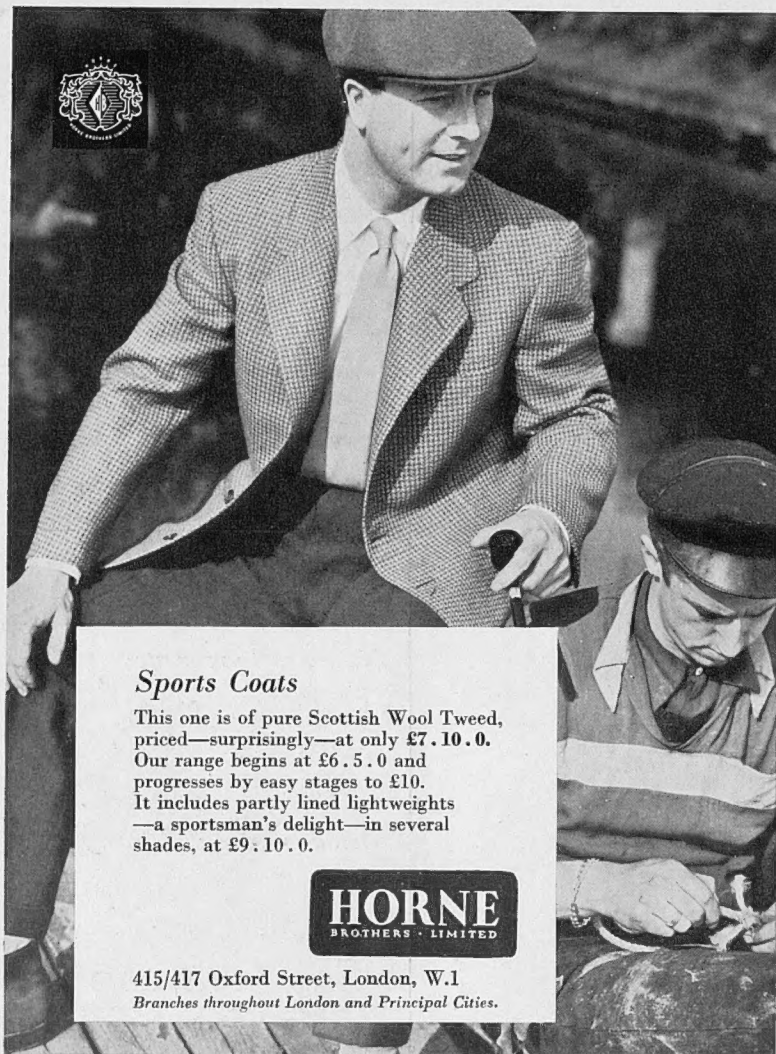
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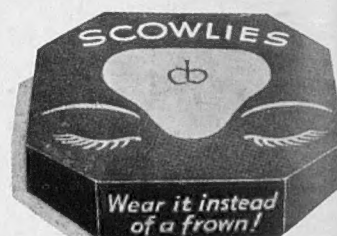
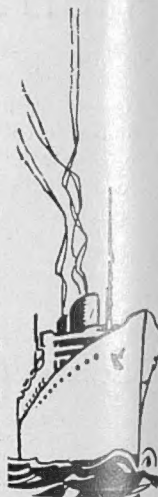
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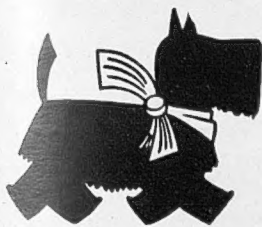
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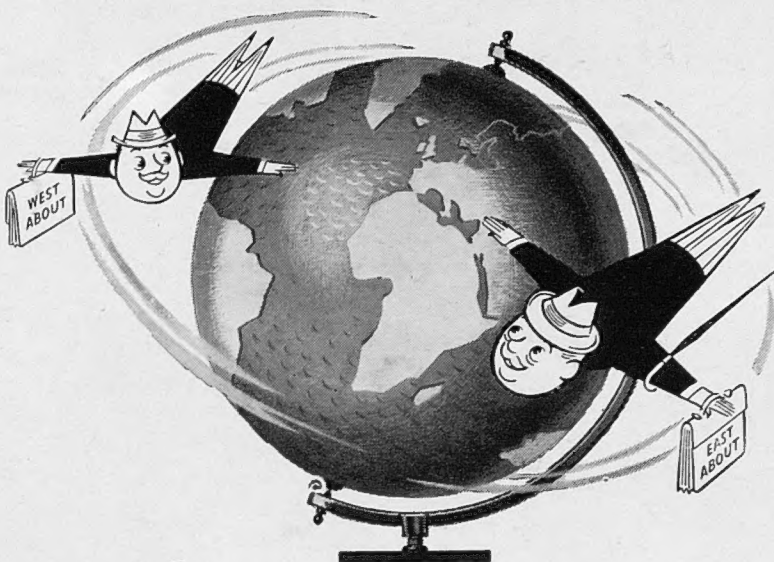
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